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THE WRITINGS OF REV. F. W. FABER, D. D.

ALL FOR JESUS; OR, THE EASY WAYS OF DIVINE LOVE.

GROWTH IN HOLINESS; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; OR, THE WORKS AND WAYS OF GOD.

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE; OR, THE WONDERS OF DIVINE LOVE.

By Rev. F. W. FABER, D. D. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

"IN his recent interesting publication, 'The Office and Work of Universities,' Dr. Newman observes—'The English language and the Irish race are overrunning the world; and that race, pre-eminently Catholic, is at this very time, of all tribes of the earth, the most fertile in emigrants both to the West and the South.' In the midst of the sixty millions who, it is computed, now speak the English language, and are daily extending their influence to every quarter of the world, a large and active portion is this same 'pre-eminently Catholic race.'"

With these facts in our mind, we turn to the last work of the Rev. Dr. Faber, with sentiments of gratitude to heaven, and hope for its abundant blessing on the teachings of such a guide, which our most earnest language would but faintly express. If the power to conceive and convey to others the sublimest, and at the same time the most practical truths that can interest the human mind, be a title to the homage of men, then has Father Faber established for himself a claim which no length of years nor change of circumstances can efface. If together with this power, there is joined the grace of awakening the purest, the holiest emotions of which the human heart is capable, who can withhold the homage due to such a servant of the Church? It may be excess of admiration for genius, learning, wisdom, zeal, piety, all combined in one noble soul; or is it the depth of our gratitude to the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation, from whom every good and perfect gift descendeth, that sways our judgment when we say that not for several ages past has God given to his Church a teacher, whose thoughts of love and words of light will fall, like heaven's dew, on a wider extent of that field in which, with

His prophets and apostles around Him, the Son of God Himself labored, and still labors for the salvation of souls. We do not forget that not more widely does star differ from star in glory, than do the minds of men, in their habits of thought, in their capacity of judgment and feeling. But with this nevertheless in view, we believe and only give utterance to what many will confirm as their conviction also, that since the days of St. Francis de Sales, few writers have made more Christian hearts bow in loving adoration before our tabernacles than the author of "All for Jesus," and "The Blessed Sacrament." The wide ocean is between our homes. It is more than probable that we shall never meet. Yet who can estimate the salutary influence exercised in our country over a multitude of souls, from the cloistered nun, with her group of gay, young worldlings around her, to the aged missionary, with his humble flock, by these two wonderful books. No one questions it. It may sound to some like adulation, but still we say that in the treatise now before us, as well as in the three works that have preceded it, and made the name of Father Faber dear to myriads, there are chapters which re-echo in our day the sweetness of St. Bernard, the wit and erudition of St. Jerome, the eloquence of St. John Chrysostom, the philosophy of St. Augustine. The harp is the same, but it is, indeed, the hand of a master whose soul is filled with the spirit of God, that awakens its chords.

If the last named and greatest of the Fathers, St. Augustine, were still on earth, with that heart of burning love which sent forth so many rays that to this hour warm our sluggish souls, with what emotion would he press to his own eloquent lips the page that contains the following extract, again exclaiming as he did over a far less glorious passage,

*Splendide atque verissime! **

"If there could be shame in heaven, how should we be overwhelmed with confusion appearing there with the miserable tribute of our interested love and of our wisely selfish fear! But how does the Creator, the King of kings, receive his tribute? He bursts forth all divinely into triumph, because a half-converted sinner has condescended to accept his grace. He bids the angels rejoice, and holds high feast through all the empyrean heaven, not because he has evolved some new and wonder-stirring system out of nothing, not because he has called into being some million-worlded nebula, and cast upon it such an effulgence of his beauty as throws all the rest of his creation into the shade,—but because one wretched, unworthy, offensive man has, after an immense amount of divine eloquence and pleading, consented to take the first step towards not being damned, one out-cast of human society, who has drunk his fill of every vice, has graciously condescended for fear of hell to accept heaven! These are the Creator's triumphs, these the ovations of everlasting and of all-wise mercy. And God can do nought unworthy of himself. He cannot demean himself. Abasement is impossible to him. Nothing can sully his incomparable purity. Nothing can he do which is not infinitely worthy of him, worthy of his power, his wisdom, and his goodness. And therefore this triumph,

* *De Civt. Dei. Lib. 1, c. xix.*

this feast of angels, over one sinner that does penance, is altogether worthy of the adorable majesty of the eternally blessed God! O who would not weep over the wonders of creative love, mystery after mystery, at every turn giving out fresh treasures of tenderness, compassion, and magnificence?"*

Again, how do the winged words of the following passage bear us over earth and sea, beyond the bounds of space and time, onwards to the very bosom of God, that fountain of light, life, mercy and love, of which St. Ambrose so happily says in one of his prayers,—"*nunquam manare cessabis*"—Thou wilt never bid its waters—cease to flow!

"It is sweet to think of the web of love which God is hourly weaving around every soul he has created on the earth. If we bring the world before us with all its picturesque geography, the many indentations of its coasts, the long courses of its fertile rivers, its outspread plains, its wide forests, its blue mountain chains, its aromatic islands, and its verdant archipelagos, it enlarges the heart to think how round every soul of man God is weaving that web of love. The busy European, the silent Oriental, the venturous American, the gross Hottentot, the bewildered Australian, the dark-souled Malay,—he comes to all. He has his own way with each; but with all it is a way of tenderness, forbearance, and lavish generosity. The variety of their circumstances, and those are well nigh numberless, are not so many as the varieties of his sedulous affection. The biography of each of those souls is a miraculous history of God's goodness. If we could read them, as probably the blessed can, they would teach us almost a new science of God, so wonderfully and inexhaustibly would they illuminate his different perfections. We should see him winding invisible threads of light and love even round the ferocious idolater. We should behold him dealing with cases of the most brutal wickedness, the most fanatical delusion, the most stolid insensibility, and even for these arranging all things with the exquisite delicacy of creative love. But so astonishing, so overwhelming is the flood of divine light, such and so vast the very ocean of eternal predilection, which he has poured upon his Church, that all outside looks like utter darkness because of the dazzling excess of her magnificence. This blinds us so that we cannot see how what looks so dark to us is after all a true light, lightening every man that comes into the world.

"Let us turn our thoughts then to the Church. What a comfort is it to think of the vastness of the Church, and of her holiness! There is the incessant action of those mighty Sacraments, and the whole planet transfigured with the daily Mass. There is all heaven busy, as if time was too short for it, with a hundred occupations for each Christian soul, set in motion at that soul's request, or self-moved by gratuitous love and pity. Mary, Angels, Saints, and suffering souls in purgatory, all are hard at work. God is employed, as if his Sabbath after creation were long since past. There are sorrows to be soothed, temptations to be banished, sins to be forgiven, tears to be dried, pains to be healed, good works to be assisted, death-beds to be attended; and the bright throngs in heaven, like some religious Order of Mercy, are busy at them all. O happy we! on whom all this dear diligence is thus perpetually expended!"†

Although so distinct in character, that each is a treasury by itself, there is a unity of thought and design in all Dr. Faber's works. To us, it is the

* Creator and the Creature, p. 273.

† Ib. pp. 318, 319.

"Deus amans Animas!"—"THE GOD WHO LOVETH SOULS," that is everywhere, with adoring thankfulness, offered to the contemplation not only of the great mass of believers, but of all mankind. This is the fountain-idea, whence have flowed, like the four rivers that went forth from the garden of Paradise, these four streams of learning, piety, sacred eloquence, and heavenly truth for the refreshment and the healing of our age. Above all his divine attributes and works, it is the "love of Jesus Christ for the Church—the love of God for man," that everywhere, like sun-light on the waters, meets our sight. Not only in this last, but throughout his other productions, the "wonders of divine love" are perpetually presenting themselves to the devout mind.

If we may be allowed to change a little, our imagery, we would say "ALL FOR JESUS" was a sun-beam, suddenly lighting up with its warm, cheerful radiance, the road we are travelling, and imparting an unwonted beauty to every old, familiar object in the landscape around us. Who has not felt the joy-inspiring influence of such a moment? Something analogous to this, in the spiritual world, on the long, dusty, and to how many! wearisome road of life, it was intended "All for Jesus" should produce. And how must it cheer every hour, soothe every suffering of our beloved Father Faber—for this, his latest and some will think most precious work, "*has been written for the most part in ill-health, and under the pressure of other duties from which he could not be dispensed*"—to know, to see that the divine effect he desired, has been produced. The Name of Jesus! The Love of Jesus! how clear the proof that both are better known, more deeply felt—and shall we not add, more widely, purely loved, than before this sun-beam shone upon us. "As a son of St. Philip," said the author in the preface to the first edition of *All for Jesus*, "I have especially to do with the world, and with people living in the world, and trying to be good there, and to sanctify themselves in ordinary vocations. It is to such I speak; and I am putting before them, not high things, but things which are at once attractive as devotions, and also tend to raise their fervor, to quicken their love, and to increase their sensible sweetness in practical religion and its duties. *I want to make piety bright and happy* to those who need such helps, as I do myself. I have not ventured to aim higher. If it causes *one heart to love our dearest Lord* a trifle more warmly, God will have blessed both the work and its writer," &c.

This was written in May, 1853—on St. Philip Neri's feast. In about a month after a large edition of the work was disposed of. In September of the same year, on the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, Father Faber could thus speak in the Preface to the second edition of his ever-beautiful book: "In again trusting my little work to the Catholics of England and Ireland, I wish I could say how much I have been affected by the reception it has met with, not as if it reflected credit on myself, but because it has shown that the Name of Jesus could not be uttered without the echo coming, and that to speak of Him, however poorly, was to rouse, to

soothe, and to win the heart; and it was more grateful to me than any praise, to feel that *my subject was my success.*"

The last advices from England bring the delightful intelligence, that besides "the tenth and eleventh thousand of the library edition now in press, the publisher will also issue at the same time, *in the same size and type*, a cheap edition—i. e.—THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF ALL FOR JESUS." After the sale of so many thousand copies in England, Ireland, France, the United States and other parts of America, "the demand is actually on the increase, and large orders are repeatedly coming in from the Colonies." A more cheering fact in the religious history of the day, we could not mention. And it forms a natural introduction to our remarks, though necessarily brief, on the next work that appeared from the learned author's pen, viz. "GROWTH IN HOLINESS; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE." What more natural than that the guide who had, like the precursor, with his sweet "Behold! the Lamb of God" sent so many disciples to follow Jesus, asking—"Master! where dwellest thou?" should not rest until he had pointed out still more in detail both the means and signs of that progress in the spiritual life, to which the apostle exhorts us to aspire without ceasing, "until we all meet into the unity of Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect man, to the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ; that we may no more be children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, . . . but doing the truth in love, we may grow in all things in him, who is the Head, Christ our Lord." *Ephs. iv.*

With his usual clearness of expression, the author thus states the object of his second work; for we cannot do better than to quote his own words. "There are two objects for which books may be written, and which must materially affect their style. One is to produce a certain impression on the reader, while he reads: the other, to put before him things to remember, and in such a way as he will best remember them. The present work is written for the latter object, and consequently with as much brevity as clearness would allow, and as much compression as the breadth of the subject and its peculiar liability to be misunderstood, would safely permit." Such, with a few additional sentences, is the introduction to one of the most valuable ascetic treatises that not only the English, but our modern languages possess. Though professedly more didactic, it abounds, like its precursor, in endless beauties of style, the more fascinating from the very familiarity of the language, and with what we can only justly call, heaven-inspired thoughts; for they fill the soul with thoughts of God, grief for sin, and hopes of heaven, such as no mere earthly eloquence or wisdom could inspire. When, in our judgment, there is such an intellectual, spiritual feast before us, it is no easy task to point out where the guest will be seated best; we may be allowed to direct our reader's attention to the chapters entitled—"The Spirit in which we serve God:"—"Spiritual Idleness:"—"Temptations:"—"Abiding Sorrow for Sin:"—"The Right View of our

Faults:”—who can read those pages, the fruit no doubt, of prayer, toil, study, suffering, of which we have no conception, and then lay down the volume without resolving, to say while life lasts, one good Ave Maria daily for Father Faber? Had he no other claim on our grateful remembrance than these two treatises, certain we are of a respectful, cordial response to our suggestion. But what shall we say of our sacred indebtedness to him, when we open his third work, “**THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; OR, THE WORKS AND WAYS OF GOD**”?—the master-piece of the author’s genius, learning and piety combined; and as we have heard it styled “the most wonderful book of the age.” Over its pages, gemmed with thoughts, truths, facts, doctrines which Father Faber could have drawn from no other source than that same fountain whence the apostle of love drew his inspiration—the bosom of Jesus Christ—the mind bends, the heart lingers in admiration, reverence, adoration too deep for words. Our altars, our tabernacles with all we there possess, are before us; and whether the moment finds us in the stillness of some retired cell or study, on the stream of one of the hundred mighty rivers of our native land, or by the shore of the glittering sea, we realize as we never did, nor could before, the prophet’s sublime “**ALTARIA TUA, DOMINE VIRTUTUM!**” Thy altars, O Lord of hosts: My king and my God! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord! they shall praise thee forever and ever! Not till that day, when the sacramental veils being removed, “we shall see his face, and be happy forever in the contemplation of his glory,” will our Redeemer (it may be) make known to his servant, how deep, lasting, far-reaching, even to the ends of the earth, and what is farther still, the coldest Catholic hearts, has been the impression left by this, his “thank-offering for the gift of faith in this transcending mystery.” And as if in response to these words of Israel’s bravest king, do we hear the encouraging voice of the Holy Spirit addressed to the multitude who along that road of “spiritual progress,” some in joy, some in grief, others again in silence and in hope, pursue their way, O! Israel, how great is the house of God: and how vast is his possession! You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour’s fountains. Rejoice and praise, for great is he that is in the midst of thee: the Holy One of Israel!

Few there are in any land or age who will ever hope to lay a more beauteous, richer, a more loving gift at the feet of the most Blessed Sacrament. But we refrain. Were we to write, “what we have heard, and have seen with our eyes, and looked upon” it would only sound like flattery to the captious. “My object is not controversy, but piety,”—we quote a few lines from different parts of the preface. “This treatise is an attempt to popularize certain portions of the science of theology. It has not been an easy task: my desire has been to lay it at the feet of the Blessed Sacrament as a little thank-offering for the gift of faith in that transcending mystery, a gift given to me out of season and with a mysterious stretch of pardoning love, and which is to me the dear light of life, for whose abounding joy and unclouded surety no loss can be other than a priceless gain.”

To the work itself we must refer our readers, for no, even elaborate, analysis would convey a fair insight into the contents of the four books on

the Works and Ways of God, especially as connected with his Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. The profound theological learning of the first book, we are aware has repelled a certain class of devout Catholics. This glorious treatise has in consequence not made its way, at least with us, so rapidly into public favor. But even considering the scientific phraseology which abounds, for example, in Sections IV and V, on the Theology of Transubstantiation, we must regard the view taken by some rather as a wrong impression, than a real difficulty. We open at random the edition before us. The first pages that meet our eye, are pages 52 and 53 of the same first book. The subject is, the Justification of the Sinner; the same work of which St. Augustine says,—it is a greater thing to justify the impious than to create heaven and earth: “a work which is being accomplished in a thousand confessionals, *this day* and *at this hour*, and in churches, in hospitals, in prisons, on ship-board, on the scaffold, in the streets and fields of daily labor, close to the mower or the reaper, or the gardener or the vine-dresser, who dreams not that God is in his neighborhood, so busy and at so stupendous a work.” We entreat our devout, sincere objectors to read on. Better than treasures of gold and silver are the contents of those two pages. And the entire first book is replete with such passages in the midst of its excursions into the profoundest or sublimest provinces of the science of theology. Love is the harbinger of light. Where true devotion exists, love also dwells in the soul; for it is one of its attendants, and a wiser teacher than many books and many masters. We cannot forego the belief, the hope that there are many in our land, not as yet familiar with this treatise, perchance partly because of what they have heard of it from others, but whose intelligence, education and piety, would discover a banquet in every chapter, who will soon peruse it. We sum up our remarks, and pass on to the latest production of the reverend author, with one of his own observations: to no modern productions, whether secular or religious, more truly applicable than to his own admirable works. They abound “*in those pregnant germs of thought which have almost power of themselves to form a mind, and to expand themselves into a whole education.*” *

Were we asked to describe in a few words the distinctive character of “THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE; or, THE WONDERS OF DIVINE LOVE,” we would reply—it is the Fundamental Philosophy of Religion. The nature of the questions treated, the order of its publication, the time of its appearance among us, all suggest the analogy between it and the well-known work of the immortal Balmes. But we must add, such is the wide dissimilarity of the two productions, that for one reader who will have the courage or ability to follow Balmes through the labyrinth of metaphysics, and over the ruins of philosophical systems, ancient and modern, a thousand souls will learn the science of salvation at the feet of Father Faber.

* Blessed Sacrament, book iii, p. 249.

NO POPERY.

WORDS sometimes attain a significance not traced in their ordinary definitions. Party individualism engrafts itself upon a term which, unexplained, expresses neither the principle, nor the reason of party action. Religious sectarianism finds its claim to unity in a species of cognomen as devoid of explicitness, as it is sometimes replete with the element of the absurd and the ludicrous. In the whole range of party and sectarian nomenclature, there are probably no two words which have been moulded into more discordant ideas, or made to suit a greater variety of ends and aims, than those which stand as the caption of this article. To the student of history the term "No Popery" is portentous, or ridiculous, in the ratio of his appreciative faculty of truth or error, sense or nonsense. Certain theological disputants find in this term an argument so plastic, and endowed besides with such a witchery of enchantment, that they eagerly seize on it under all circumstances alike—whether as drapery to cover uncharitableness, or as a religious cloak to conceal fanatic bigotry or unblushing mendacity. It seems to supply the absence of logical reasoning, and is besides aptly fitted to capacities either too indolent for the labor of thought, or willing to be

"In pleasing error lost and charmingly deceived."

If the Reformation has produced no other good result, the fact that it has condensed into this one phrase nearly the whole of Protestant antagonism to Catholicity, and the totality of Protestant unity, should entitle it to just so much of Catholic gratitude as would save it from unmitigated derision. Apply this phrase as you will, turn it into every conceivable metamorphosis, measure it by any standard of human and divine things, and the resultant of the effort will be, that, though meant to be opprobrious, it is but the concentration of bigotry without reason, and malignancy without extenuation. Its usage as a mere term is a vulgarity which is ignored by the polished decorum which belongs to polemical discussions, whether of the pulpit or forum, of dogma or morals. In the exigences of both the state and the individual, necessity is said to know no law. It would seem to be the same with the antagonism that invokes on all occasions the rallying cry of "No Popery." Without the centripetal tendencies of this term, dissident sectarianism would drive the whole body of Protestantism into a profound moral and religious chaos,

"a dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound;
Without dimension, where length and breadth and height
And time and place are lost."

This phrase, so expressive of dissidence, and so cogent of cant and fanaticism, has some claim to antiquity of origin. The efforts of Luther

in his rebellion against the authority of the Pope, gave it currency in the theological disputations of Germany. But it does not seem to have attained there the slang significance attached to it elsewhere by ambitious innovators. Probably the seeds of rebellion to regularly constituted authority in Germany, gave out too soon their rank croppings of disorder and crime, to admit of assiduous cultivation on the part of princely rulers. The logical sequence to the early doctrines of Luther, on the derivation of authority, was the partial, if not total, abnegation of all the legal restraints of civil society. The individual right to examine into and determine the limitation of civil power, naturally provoked inquiries into the origin of governments and source of authority, which were calculated, without due restraints, to unsettle the existing order of ideas. Excited brains would eliminate theories of government at once crude and visionary, savage and repulsive. Hence the atrocities of Munzer and the foul blasphemies of John of Leyden. Besides, the proximity of the German States to one another admitted of that rapid propagation of bad ideas and bad principles, which gave to these ideas and principles a powerful momentum of evil. It then became as much a question of self-conservation as of expediency, to interpose salutary restraints upon the spirit of insubordination introduced into Germany by the preachers of the Reformation. The temporal rulers were not slow in comprehending this; and early began to rear up dikes to resist the encroaching waves of anarchy. Even the sturdy reformers themselves recoiled before the destructive spirit that was nurtured out of their teachings. It had been no difficult task to unhinge good principles or successfully engender bad ones; but it was forgotten for the time that "bad principles introduced into society invariably end by becoming the strongest."* Hence, Luther in 1522 could exult in the insurrectionary movements of the people as indicative of their deep love of liberty; but four years afterwards he felt himself coerced to counsel the civil authorities to oppose as heretical and infamous, the teachings of those of his imitators who felt inspired to improve on both his dogmatic and political lessons. Melancthon and Beza felt both uneasiness and annoyance at the consequences which followed on the denial of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. The former even indicated to the legate, Campeggio, that "having overthrown the episcopate, it was easy to see what an insupportable tyranny would follow. We do honor to the Pope of Rome and to the entire constitution of the Church." And Beza could lament that "on no point of religion were the churches which had declared war on the Church of Rome, agreed." It may, therefore, readily be imagined that where authority and the legitimate restraints of law were at fearful discount among the less cultivated orders of society, how imperative became the duty which rested upon the rulers of States, to invoke the strong arm of power in order to repress the too evident tenden-

* Madame de Staël.

cies to social and political convulsion. Hence would grow up something of a tenderness for that paternal authority, which the Popes never failed to invoke in behalf of the principles of social and political order. And hence, too, the fact that, while hostility to the Catholic Church was an element that diffused itself greatly over the mass of German society, this hostility never descended to the level of the cant, bigotry and fanaticism, which were found to prevail in other countries.

To England belongs the pre-eminence over all other States of Europe, of having given to the term "No Popery" a potency which has passed it into history as a synonyme for bigoted persecution and canting fanaticism. Under the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, the "No Popery" feeling was stimulated by these two sovereigns. The Pope had interposed obstacles in the way of Henry, which, for a time, prevented him from the gratification of his hideous and disgusting passions; the pride of Elizabeth had been wounded by the taint cast upon her legitimacy; both had the stimulation of revenge, and both sought it in usurping the supremacy in ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs. The royal supremacy and "No Popery" presented, in the political and religious phases of the times, the relation of means to ends. The ends were the usurpation of power; the spoliation of the Church; the prostitution of the clergy, and the extirpation of Catholicity. The means were found in the "No Popery" excitements which were extemporized, or elaborated to meet every given emergency. No turpitude was too base, no crime too atrocious, no horror too startling, that was not purified, in the minds of guilty sovereigns and perfidious courtiers, by contact with these neutralizing agents. Under the gentle and virtuous Henry, it would have been death to doubt the guilt of Anne Boleyn; under his no less amiable and virtuous daughter, it would have been equally capital to cast the slightest aspersion upon her innocence. Circumstances and duty alike brought the Pope in antagonism with the two sovereigns on this delicate question. The Pope could not be suspended at Tyburn, nor drawn and quartered for his contumacy; but vengeance is fertile in expedients that will minister to its gratification. What the Pope could not be forced to suffer, might be heaped remorselessly upon the innocent Catholic subjects of the British realm. "No Popery" then became the watchword of vengeance and the measure of patriotism. The royal supremacy was the test which was to furnish victims for the first and base and wicked simulants of the last. Bishop Fisher was brought to the scaffold under charge of having "falsely, maliciously and traitorously" asserted that the king "was not the supreme head on earth of the Church of England." The charge as laid was not even proved; but his pure life, his firm piety and unshrinking consciousness of right, made him a fit object of suspicion to those whose moral natures were steeped in filth and corruption. Between suspicion and the block, the way was short and the end bloody. The next victim in the fearful category of "No Popery" crimes, was the learned, the eloquent,

and incorruptible More. Against him there was no shadow of evidence beyond the testimony of the miscreant Rich—the solicitor-general—who deposed that in a private conversation with More, in the Tower, the latter had declared that "Parliament could not make the king head of the Church, because it was a civil tribunal, without spiritual authority."

Elizabeth had scarcely seated herself upon the throne of her father, when, imitating his ambition, and for the same *pious* purpose, she caused her obsequious parliament to register the act which declared "that the jurisdiction necessary for the correction of errors, heresies, schisms and abuses, should be annexed to the crown, with power of delegating such jurisdiction to any person or persons whatsoever, at the pleasure of the sovereign; and that all clergymen taking orders should declare under oath that the Queen was supreme governor in all ecclesiastical and spiritual things and causes."

This power of delegating the royal supremacy had been exercised by Henry VIII. In his unscrupulous hands it became a powerful instrument of corruption. The spoliation of the abbeys and monasteries was worked out by its means. The nobility were corrupted by it. The middle classes were oppressed by the power it accumulated in the hands of the rich and unscrupulous. The poor were reduced to vagrancy and crime by the destitution it effected in their means of subsistence. The arch-intriguer, Cromwell,* had taught his willing master that the assumption of the supremacy should bring with it all the wealth of the clerical and monastic bodies. The wily courtier knew the proclivities of his royal patron's mind. His own covetousness was already gloating over the demesnes of the monks, made fertile by their skillful husbandry, and redolent with the fervid charities of religion. The royal supremacy was the iron which his practised mechanism could readily forge into chains that would fetter alike the monk in his cloister, the mitred bishop in his palace, and the Catholic nobleman on his hereditary estates. Who more fitting for the "No Popery" work of spoliation and crime, than the debauched courtier whose fiend-like refinement of evil had made capable of so malicious a conception? The monarch was grateful; and the courtier found the reward of his fidelity in being appointed royal vicegerent and vicar-general of the kingdom, with power to "administer justice in all cases touching ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the godly reformation and redress of all errors, heresies and abuses in the Church."

The power thus accorded was most brutally exercised. Vengeance and avarice joined hands in the merciless business of spoliation, confiscation and blood. The nobility lacked the heroism to balance, even for a brief period, between honor and destitution on the one hand, and apostacy and riches on the other. A whelming tide of corruption swept unimpeded over the land. The only course of safety was in pandering to the pas-

* Thomas Cromwell.

sions of a bestial monarch and cringing in sycophancy to venal courtiers. The low standard of morals erected by the nobility soon found marshaled under it a crowd of eager imitators from the lower walks of society. These added to the exercise of power, the harsh and repulsive brutality which ordinarily attends rapid elevation to official emolument and wealth, of gross, selfish, and vulgar men. Scheming ambition found a talisman to success in pliant obsequiousness to the royal supremacy, and in vigorous displays of "No Popery" activity and efficiency.

A dispassionate survey of the social and political condition of the times we refer to, will convince any impartial mind, that the fell spirit of persecution which invaded the masses of the people, was directly evoked out of the acts of the crown and of the nobility who supported it. The instincts of a people, in whose early history are traced the glowing records of chivalrous deeds, noble and unselfish opposition to tyranny in all its forms, the dignity of self-reliance, the charity that engenders nobility and philanthropy of soul, could not have been thus perverted to the ends of persecution and injustice without the combined provocations of both precept and example. The precept was found in the "No Popery" statutes of parliament; and the example, in those who from high places lent themselves to plunder and oppress; who heaped up the gains of avarice in proportion as their stock of manly virtue declined; and who bartered for blood the brilliant records which bound their name and lineage to the heroes of a bygone period. The inconsistency between the royal supremacy and the "No Popery" legislation of parliament was too glaring to escape the perceptive faculties of the most ordinary mind. The prerogative however could not be abandoned, but how maintain it in the face of associations and traditions of "merrie England," which yet clustered around the abbey and the cathedral, and made them still the revered monuments of Catholic piety and Catholic art? The question admitted of but one method of solution—the abbey must be stripped of its demesnes; the monk of his cowl—peradventure his head; the cathedral of its decorations; and the bishop and priest of every memorial of their holy calling. Could seed like this, and so cultivated, produce other than a harvest of profligacy, hypocrisy and cant. Its maturity might be delayed, but the crop was sure to be prolific. The sickle was thrust into it by the usurper Cromwell, and the gleanings for the country were civil war, a regicide drama, the tyranny of puritanical cant, the despotism of the sword and the ultimate triumph of a powerful but corrupted oligarchy. The accession of James I to the throne, held out a prospect that the "No Popery" animosities would quiet down into something like toleration of both Catholics and Puritans. The claims of the former were based upon promises made by the king in Scotland before his accession to the throne of England became a political certainty. He then needed friends, and knew full well the sturdy fealty to his house, especially to his royal mother, which the Catholic body had always observed. The Puri-

tans could recall his expressions of grateful acknowledgment to God, "that he belonged to the purest kirk in the world, and would maintain its principles as long as he should brook his life." Both alike were disappointed; but it was upon the Catholics that the disappointment fell with most crushing force.

Seventy years had now elapsed since the acknowledgment by the estates of the realm of the royal supremacy in the crown. In this period the "No Popery" sentiment had rooted itself in the interests of those who represented the landed property of the country. Many patents of nobility could not trace backward beyond this period; and all that could illustrate in the eyes of the world, the escutcheon of this youthful aristocracy, had been drawn from the plunder of the Church property, or wrested in blood from ancient and noble Catholic families. This condition of things presented a combination which it would have been dangerous to assail even by a monarch well established on his throne. For such an effort James had neither the inclination nor the courage. He had felt too severely the restraints imposed upon him by his puritanical subjects of Scotland, not to desire at any cost of honor or principle, the enjoyment of the solid splendors held out to him as monarch of England. In this country he found the clergy pliant and obsequious; the nobility selfish and unscrupulous—all vibrating to one chord, and that—hostility to Catholics. Would he but enforce all the "No Popery" laws on the statute book, or add new pains and penalties to that already teeming volume, he might repose, as on a pillow of roses, on the prerogative of the royal supremacy; enrich his needy and not over-fastidious countrymen; and lavish upon his favorites the treasures wrung without stint or law from the people of the realm. The king had lofty ideas of his position, and could ill brook any attack, covert or direct, upon his regal prerogatives. The usurpation of the supremacy by the house of Tudor was a bold and adventurous step, well suited to the despotic inclinations of Henry VIII and Elizabeth; but its assertion by the Stuarts, had it not led to unmingled misfortunes to themselves and overwhelming disaster to so many others, might be considered as ludicrous. Whether fulminating specious logic against Bellarmine, or wrangling in a jargon of metaphysical theology against Vorstius and the Armenians: whether bandying legal subtleties with Coke, or "peppering" the nonconformists with vapid wit and stale invective, the doughty king ever deemed himself entirely infallible.* No wonder his pride should be inflated, when learned prelates listened to his prosy eloquence in wrapt admiration; and the bishop of London modestly deigned to say "that his heart melted within him to hear a king the like of whom had not been seen since the time of Christ." The price of such adulation and sycophancy was the re-enactment of the oppressive and sanguinary "No Popery" code of Elizabeth, with a refine-

* "I peppered them as soundlie as ye have done the Papists . . . They fled me from argument to argument," &c.—*Lingard*, vol. vii, p. 30 (note.)

ment of severity which did credit to the cultivated charities of the clerical body that stimulated the execution of its pains and penalties.

The "No Popery" feeling so sedulously and so craftily stimulated could not exhaust itself in present effects. It must needs leave an inheritance of hate, malignancy, and bigotry, which future ages would not easily impair. And though three centuries have elapsed since Elizabeth ascended the throne of England, the marks of her "No Popery" policy are boldly delineated in the recent legislation of that country, as well as traced by infallible indices, in the moral characteristics of the people. English diplomacy, literature, philanthropy, the pulpit, the press, all lend themselves to an unscrupulous and vindictive "No Popery" movement. No scheme of mendacity of whatever magnitude or comprehensiveness can shock the cauterized moral sense of those whose business and purpose it is, to villify and malign the Catholic Church. The history of this Church is systematically and grossly perverted: her morals savagely assailed, her dogmas studiously and ruthlessly misrepresented; her hierarchy branded with the foulest aspersions, and her children subjected to contumely and derision. This is emphatic language: and to some it may seem too deeply colored or greatly exaggerated. We are not ignorant that our expressions are applied to a nation which boasts of its superior enlightenment, its liberal institutions, its stupendous efforts to evangelize benighted Europe and fill the world with English charities and—English merchandise.

In proof of what we have said of her persecuting spirit, we appeal to the records of her legislation and her judicature for two centuries past, and to the history of her diplomacy for the past fifty years. By the first, every social privilege of the Catholic was swept away and every civil right crushed out. Through the intrigues of the last, every Catholic country of Europe has been again and again involved in social and political convulsion. To some of these states, the friendship of England has been as baleful as her enmity to others. To all, her embrace is as deadly as the tramp of her hostile heel.

The late war with Russia was entered into avowedly by England to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The treaty of Paris solemnly guaranteed this integrity, with the imposing prohibition, that none of the contracting powers should "interfere separately or collectively in the relations between the Sultan and his subjects, or in the internal administration of the affairs of the Turkish Empire." It might have been presumed that rights so solemnly guaranteed to Turkey, would exist and be held equally sacred in Catholic governments. Not so thought Count Cavour—the mouth-piece of Lord Palmerston and the impersonation of British intrigue. The revolutionary spirit required to be nurtured. Hitherto it had been too important an element in English political and religious propagandism, to be now ignored or left without the sanction of those who had legitimated its birth. Hence the censures cast upon the pontifical government, and the efforts that are still made to embroil the

Italian peninsula in the horrors of insurrectionary war. Whilst such is the "No Popery" spirit of her diplomacy, that of her press we find summed up in a popular periodical,* which unblushingly affirms "that whilst, in a religious point of view, any form of Christianity is better than the best form of any other creed, so in an infinite degree, in a political point of view, any truly national and patriotic religion, the *idolatry of Odin for example*, is more favorable to the development and preservation of the social rights of mankind, than the code of the Tridentine Council." We assume that the writer of this malicious sentiment accounts himself a Christian; and as such, he believes in all the great truths of Christianity which are incorporated in the dogmas of the Catholic Church and sanctified in the convictions of more than three-fourths of the Christian world. These truths he would ignore, blot out from Christian society, root up from Christian life, and have in their stead the human sacrifices and bacchanal orgies of northern heathenism. No doubt, too, his heathenish proclivities would satisfy him to exchange the cathedral of Saint Paul for the temple of Upsal, and Hampton Court for the palace of Valhalla. We confess our obstinacy in doubting that such changes would develop and preserve "the social rights of mankind."

We see however in such expressions of concentrated hate, the type of that "No Popery" vindictiveness which ramifies every portion of English society. And when it is remembered that it is from such sources as this that the religious teachings of our own country are drawn, is it any wonder that the malignancy and bitter hatred of everything Catholic, which pass as heir-looms from one English generation to another, should be transplanted, cultivated and taught to flourish on American soil. That it is so transplanted we cannot deny. It has its roots firmly wedged in the popular literature of the country, and its branches are found intertwined with the nobler products of American intellect. It is compressed as in a fanciful literary herbarium, on the ephemeral pages which indicate the enterprise and thrift of the Harpers, but finds also a ready admission to the more durable ones illustrated by the genius and eloquence of Prescott. Even a reverend bishop,† on a grave subject of moral and political teaching, benevolently ranks the Catholic on an equality with the Mormon; but rejects the parity when the Jew is introduced into the comparison. Bad as the Mormon, but worse than the Jew!

Mortifying as such things must be to the Catholic mind, they should excite neither uneasiness nor alarm. A comprehensive view of the elements that produce them, should rather surprise us that greater evils do not flow from their fearful activity. Numerically weak and comparatively poor, the Catholic body in America must attain to influence, by the gradual wearing down and rounding off of the prejudices which assail it socially and religiously. This would be the work of time in any reason-

* Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1856.

† American Citizen—Bishop Hopkins.

able order of things, even with a less powerful current of fanatic bigotry to resist. But when the task imposed upon the Catholic is to be accomplished by mining away a mountain of error, which false philosophy and religious sectarianism have taken ages to build up, and which a seductive and well compacted materialism is still bent upon sustaining, the labor cannot be compressed into the endurance of a single generation. It must be the work of time, moving in cycles corresponding to the order of that Providence whose will determines the evolution of the moral, social and religious events of the world. To each particular generation may be assigned some especial part in the work of religious renovation. The individual Catholic, however, cannot determine his own share in it: but his duty is not the less clearly defined in the instincts of his faith and the teachings of the Church. From both he learns to value and practice the virtues and charities of life; and to blend in harmony the two-fold, but still inseparable characters, of faithful Catholic and loyal citizen.

The same agencies which gave rise to "No Popery" movements in England, are not now and never can be so productive of evil in this country. There may be for a time, and at repeated intervals, a systematic assault, from pulpit and press, upon Catholics and Catholic institutions. But such assaults, from the very nature and structure of our social and political organization, must be either local and therefore transitory, or political, and therefore not seriously damaging. Recent events have demonstrated the utter impracticability of arraying the Protestant body permanently in a wild crusade against the constitutional privileges of Catholics. In England it is in the interests of the privileged classes to keep alive the spirit of "No Popery" prejudices and bigotry. To this end they employ the meanest arts and disburse immense treasures. The reasons for this condition of things, we have already briefly alluded to. In this country a different order of ideas and principles obtains. By force of imitation, and partly from hereditary prejudice, the warfare in England against the Catholic Church is continued here. This warfare finds its type in the religious prejudices that are instilled from infancy in the Protestant mind. The rhythm of nursery eloquence and song finds in it an allotted place. The school-room and the pulpit are arenas upon which combatants are drilled to the sentiments of bigotry; and primer and bible alike are text-books of tactics, whence sapient pedagogues and prosy preachers educe the rules of "No Popery" antagonism. The result of all this is that a vast system of materialism is spreading over the country. The foundation of this system is laid deep in the avarice of the times. Its teachings are eminently selfish, and its end a very refined and sensual infidelity. It abjures the restraints of religious authority, on the ground that reason alone is the safe guide to truth. It defies the jurisdiction of law and fearlessly invades its highest sanctuary with sneers and oburgations. It measures political fidelity by no other standard than that of sordid profit. It takes from official corruption its only extenuating plea—

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that of being an exceptional result; and undermines the social virtues by the fashionable modes of extravagance and dissipation it inaugurates.

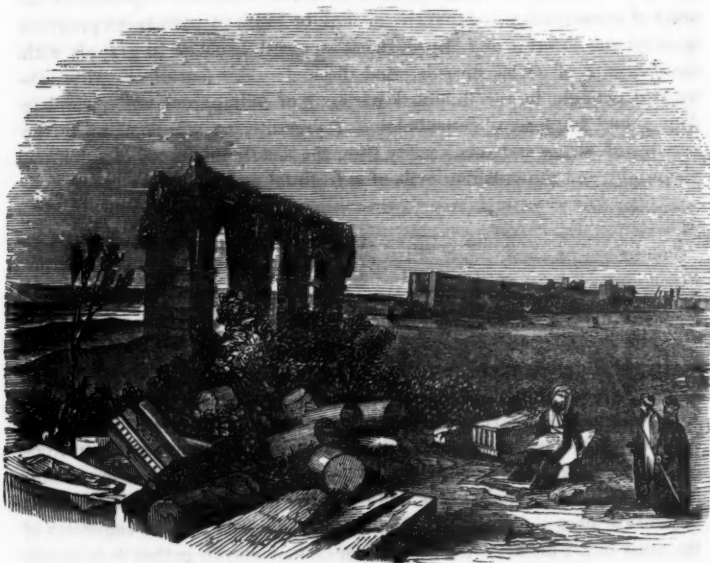
Society at other periods of its history has displayed similar phenomena. The excesses they reveal must induce their own correction, must slough off, as they have done before, under a healthful reaction, which, in the order of Providence, is sure to follow. This reactionary period, however long delayed, will find the Catholic as he now is, the steady observer of the laws of the land and the loyal supporter of legitimate authority. It will find the Catholic Church, as it ever has been, the exponent of an order of conservatism,—expansive enough to admit of permanent progress in social amelioration and improvement—powerful enough to grapple with the elements of social disorder and dissipate their fearful energies—attractive enough, in the moulded harmony of unimpaired unity, sublime dogma and impressive ceremonial it represents, to win mankind to the practice of virtue and save society from the deadly influences of a sensual philosophy and the crushing evils of a frightful materialism.

THE RUIN OF EMPIRES.

We exult in our temporal prosperity. It is the absorbing idea of our day. Protestantism has in a manner deified and made it a test of Gospel truth, and cites poverty, non-progress, as evidences of the absence of what they most betoken, the spirit of Christ, who bid his disciples lay up treasures not on earth but in heaven. Where our progress is to stop we cannot see. The whole universe is laid under contribution, the earth is forced to yield its most abundant crops, and utterly exhausted by the eagerness of the cultivator, who sends his fleets to far distant seas to gather from desert isles as a precious treasure the very manure which his effete land requires. Every acre is forced to yield its utmost: every plant and substance analyzed, that no useful part be lost. Machinery too comes to shorten the labor and achieve what thousands of human hands would fail to accomplish. Our wants are multiplied, the expenses of life fairly centupled in the memory of man, and yet we rush heedlessly on as though no change could come over the scene.

Material prosperity is a temporal reward: it is given for a day, often it would seem to raise men's thoughts to God as the giver of all, and suddenly, fearfully withdrawn, when ingratitude, sin and rebellion are all the return for the favors lavished from the Almighty hand. Is it not strange how strikingly the ruin of great commercial cities is depicted by the inspired penman, how grand are the pictures of ruin which they set before us. The great Babylon of the Apocalypse is a great commercial city. "And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her: for no

man shall buy their merchandise any more. The merchants . . . who were made rich shall stand afar off from her for fear of her torments . . . and every ship-master and all that sail into the lake and mariners, and as many as work in the sea . . . cried, weeping and mourning, saying: 'Alas! alas! that great city, wherein all were made rich, that had ships at sea by reason of her price, for in one hour she is made desolate.'"* "And the voice of harpers and of musicians, and of them that play on the pipe and on the trumpet, shall no more be heard at all in thee: and no craftsman



THE RUINS OF TYRE.

of any art whatsoever shall be found any more at all in thee: and the sound of the mill shall be heard no more at all in thee: and the light of the lamp shall shine no more at all in thee: and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth, for all nations have been deceived by thy enchantments."† How completely and how terribly is here pictured the ruin of the great sea-port, the emporium of commerce, with its merchant princes, its fleets scouring every sea! How vividly before our mind rises the picture of the ruin of a London, a New York, with its forests of masts that line its shores all wrapt in flames, girding it with a wall of fire, while within the explosions hurl the stately piles in

* Apoc. xviii, 11-19.

† Id. 22, 23.

fragments into the air, and the tall spire, the massive dome, the enduring arch come crashing to the earth, and the spreading flames run on as if gamboling at their work, and wooing all to ruin with a kiss.

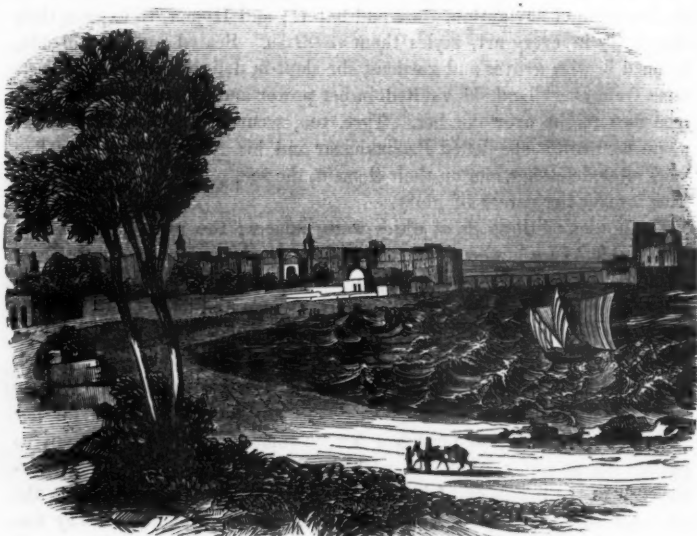
Read over our Saviour's words as recorded by the Evangelists. See how often he returns to the simile of the ruin of Tyre and Sidon : how often he holds up the fearful ruin of those two great commercial cities as a case of God's judgment, which the unrepenting cities hurried by their crimes ; crimes so great that God vouchsafed them no special call to repentance.

Sidon and Tyre, cities of the Phœnicians, were emporiums whose merchants did not yield in enterprise or activity to ours : the former claims the invention of navigation, glass and letters ; and Homer, to express their superiority in every art, styles them *ποσειδάναα*. Seated on the hill-side, hemmed in with groves and gardens, she slept in delight, and as her vessels came from every land she exulted in her power and glory, heedless of the ruin that might overtake her. Tyre, too, securely built on her island, where for months she defied Psalmanazar and his Assyrian host, for five years after defeating him on their element, the sea, seemed destined to continue forever her career of glory.

The houses of these great cities were palaces ; the products of India, Persia and Africa, amber from the Baltic, pearls and precious tin from England and Ireland, and scarcely more precious gold from Spain, with the tributes from Northern Africa, Sicily, Cyprus and Greece, adorned her markets : filled already with the works of Phœnician industry, the fabric of Sidonian looms, and the needle-work of Tyrian maidens : the golden vase, the precious stone, the richly carved articles. Colonies in every land upheld the power of Phœnicia, every sea formed a school for her navigators, every nation furnished her customers. But why attempt to picture her splendor, when the prophet Ezechiel has so splendidly portrayed it in the prophecy of its fall, a prophecy that remains almost the sole page of its history ? And why was the doom pronounced, why was no hour of repentance given to Tyre and Sidon, as it was to Nineve, as it was to Capernaum and Bethsaida. "By the multitude of thy merchandise, thy inner parts were filled with iniquity, and thou hast sinned and thy heart was lifted up with thy beauty : thou hast lost thy wisdom in thy beauty, I have cast thee to the ground : I have set thee before the face of kings that they might behold thee. Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thy iniquities, and by the iniquity of thy traffic : therefore I will bring forth a fire from the midst of thee to devour thee, and I will make thee as ashes upon the earth in the sight of all that see thee."

And how fearfully they fell : by fire, and sword, and pestilence, and slow decay, and gradual unnoticed ruin, till a few columns mark the site of one, and a deceit of the other, for you think to find a large city and it proves to be a few hovels. Their language even has so vanished that naught remains but a few words in a Latin comedy, and proud Phœnicia leaves no memorial at Tyre, or Carthage, at Carthagena, or in Ireland.

They stand a lesson. God is the master of the universe: if we forget Him and place all our trust in wealth and progress; if we esteem the world as a mere field given us to utilize for our glory and grandeur, the bitter undecent will come. Power will pass to other lands and other climes. By sudden overthrow or gradual decline the great port may become desolate: in the hands of God the grains of sand can thus change the fate of empires, the currents of the ocean close the channels of commerce. There is a forgetfulness of God: and as men live without God in the world, it cannot but awaken in the Christian fears that the days of



SIDON.

God's chastening are at hand. No country has risen with a prosperity to example ours, but our sins are those of Tyre and Sidon: we deem ourselves all-sufficient. The very poets of modern paganism warn us—

“Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers
Beneath your roofs of slate.
It cannot conquer folly,
Time-and-space-conquering steam
And the light-outspeaking telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam.
The politics are base;
The letters do not cheer;
And 'tis far in the deeps of history
The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn;
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn.”

And shall we Christians be insensible? The holy Father calls on us to use every exertion to extend the kingdom of Christ on earth, to present Catholic truth to the hearts darkened by error, bound by vice, or choked up by the cares and trials of life. Truth alone, virtue alone, religion alone, can save our country from the speedy fate of Tyre and Sidon, and yet what Catholic family, what Catholic convent or monastery even has its regular prayer for the conversion of the United States. We boast of its glory, we think little of its conversion, the only hope of sustaining that glory.

FLEEING TO GOD.

Under the shadow of Thy wing my Father,
Till life's calamities be overpast,
In that sure refuge let my spirit gather
Strength to bear calmly on unto the last.

Be merciful to me, for thoughts that crush me,
Lie like an incubus upon my breast,
Only Thy voice, Omnipotent, can hush me
Into the quiet e'en of seeming rest.

O! what is life, but one long, long endurance,
Of this dull, heavy weight on heart and brain,—
Speak to my spirit—speak the strong assurance
That nothing Thou ordainest, is in vain.

Trembling amid the turmoils of existence,
O! let me grasp a more than mortal arm;
Father, my Father! be not at a distance
When earth's dark phantoms Thy weak child alarm.

Under Thy shadow! fear cannot appal me,
If in the rock of ages, surely hid,
Under Thy shadow! harm cannot befall me,
If Thou, All-wise, All-merciful, forbid.

Nearer to Thee! my Saviour! my Redeemer!
In heaven or earth whom hath my soul but Thee?
Though for an instant, as some feverish dreamer
Grasps at the treasure which he seems to see:

I too have dreamed, and waked to find illusion
Inscribed on all I sought to make my own,
And turning from my idols in confusion,
I dedicate my life to Thee alone.

Under the shadow of Thy wing abiding
Close to my suffering Saviour's wounded side,
In the sure promise of His love confiding,
Why should I shrink, tho' earthly ills betide?

O! if the heart grows strong thro' suffering only,
If but thro' trial it may reach its goal,
I will rejoice, although my way be lonely,
And all Thy waves and billows o'er me roll.

A FESTIVAL OF ANCIENT ROME.

Translated from the French.

THE gladiators had scarcely withdrawn, when a tumultuous clamor arose in the circus, for they were to be succeeded by those condemned to the combat with wild beasts, and as they were of the detested faith of Christ, all the hatred of the multitude was for the men, and all the sympathy for the animals. But however great the impatience of the people, they were obliged to restrain it while the slaves raked and smoothed the sand of the circus, although this operation was hastened by the furious cries that rose from every part of the amphitheatre. The slaves at length retired; the arena was vacant, and the assembly silent with intense expectation; a door opened, and all eyes were turned on the new victims.

The first who entered was a woman, robed in white, and veiled, whom the guards immediately led towards a tree, where her delicate figure was securely bound. A slave tore off her veil, and the spectators beheld a countenance of the most perfect beauty, sad, mild, and pale, but resigned; a deep murmur ascended from the crowd, for, Christian though she was, the young girl had from the first moment of her appearance, engaged the interest of that capricious and excitable throng. While every look was fixed upon her, another door was thrown open, to admit a young man of noble and tranquil mien. For it was the custom to expose together to the beasts a Christian of each sex, giving to the man all the necessary weapons for defence, and choosing for the female victim his sister, his mother, or his wife, in order that the desire of retarding, not merely his own death, but that of one so dear, might prolong the combat by animating with redoubled force the courage of the brother, the husband, or the son. But this contest the ardent faith and heroic self-devotion of the Christians almost invariably prompted them to decline, for the sake of winning the crown of martyrdom—though they knew that could they vanquish the first three animals let loose against them, the laws of the arena would set them free.

Indeed, though evidently in the flower of his strength and activity, and followed by two slaves, one of whom carried a sword and two javelins, while the other led a beautiful and stately Arab courser, this youth did not seem disposed to afford the people the exciting spectacle of the desired combat. He advanced slowly into the circus, casting around him a calm and steady glance, then signifying by a motion of his hand that the horse and the arms were useless to him, he raised his eyes with an expression of seraphic ardor towards heaven, and sinking on his knees, engaged in prayer. The populace, disappointed in their expectation, began to rage and menace; they had come to see a combat, not a martyrdom, and the cry of "to the cross! to the cross!" was heard from several quarters—

for, of two torments, they would prefer to witness that in which the agony would endure the longest. It was then that a ray of ineffable joy beamed in the eyes of the young man, as he extended his arms in the attitude of thanksgiving, happy that he was doomed to the same death which the SON OF GOD had consecrated into a glory. At this moment a sigh so profound was breathed behind him that he turned to see from whom it came:—"Silas! Silas!" murmured the young girl. "Actea! my beloved!" cried the youth, as he sprang towards her.

"Silas, have pity on me!" said Actea. "When I recognized you at your entrance, hope returned to my breast. You are brave, Silas, and strong—accustomed to wrestle with the savage dwellers in the forests and caves. Perhaps had you undertaken the contest you could have saved us both."

"But the crown?" interrupted Silas, pointing to heaven with an exulting smile.

"And the agony!" said the maiden, shuddering as she drooped her head. "Alas! I was not born like thee in a holy city; I never heard the words of life from the lips of Him for whom we are about to die. A young Corinthian girl, brought up in the religion of my ancestors, my faith and my belief are new, and the name of martyr unknown to me till yesterday. Yet, for myself, perhaps I would have courage—but oh, my Silas, if I must see thee die before me by this lingering and cruel death, I feel it is more than I could endure."

"For thee, then, for thee I will combat" replied Silas, "since for myself I know that soon or late I will find the happiness which for thy sake I resign to-day."

Then making a sign to the director of the slaves, he cried, with a loud voice, and an imperial gesture of command, "Give me my horse, my arrows, and my sword!" And the multitude clapped their hands, for they understood by this voice and gesture that they were about to behold one of those herculean struggles, which alone could thoroughly arouse their sensations, dulled and blunted as they were by the more ordinary kinds of slaughter.

Silas at once approached the horse—like himself, a son of Araby. A common instinct seemed to animate them. The man said some words in a foreign tongue to the horse, and as if he had comprehended them, the noble animal responded with a loud neigh. Then Silas tore from the back and the mouth of his companion those ignominious trappings which the Romans had imposed on him in token of slavery, and the child of the desert bounded joyous and free round him who had restored his liberty.

Meanwhile the youth had flung aside whatever portion of his costume could obstruct the entire freedom of his limbs, and wrapping his red mantle round his left arm, he remained in his tunic and turban alone. He then girt on his sword, seized his javelins, called his horse, which obeyed his voice as docile as a gazelle, and springing on his back, without need-

ing any means for guiding his course but his knee and his voice, he three times made the circuit of the tree where Actea was chained. His bearing was so gallant that the spectators thought of Perseus ready to defend Andromeda, and for a moment the pride of the Arab seemed almost to overcome the humility of the Christian.

In an instant a folding door at the lower end of the Podium was flung open, and a huge Cordovan bull, goaded by the slaves, rushed bellowing into the circus. But scarcely had he taken ten steps, when terrified at the great light, at the number of the spectators, and the shouts of the multitude, he bent himself forward, lowered his head to the very ground, and directing his heavy and ferocious eyes towards Silas, he began to cast up the sand around him with his fore feet, to tear the ground with his horns, and to pour forth volumes of smoke from his nostrils. Just then a slave threw him a figure stuffed with straw to resemble a man, the bull immediately rushed upon it and trampled it under his feet. But at the moment of his greatest irritation a javelin from the hand of Silas hissed through the air and buried itself in his shoulder, and the bull uttering a roar of pain, abandoned the fictitious adversary at once for the real one.

He advanced rapidly towards the Syrian, with his head down, leaving a trail of blood behind him on the sand; but the youth calmly awaited his approach till he was within a few paces, when by a word he caused his agile steed to bound aside, and while the bull passed on, unable to check his impetuous career, a second weapon hid its iron head in his flank. The animal paused, wavered on his feet as if about to fall, then suddenly wheeling round, he rushed upon the horse and the rider. But the horse and the rider began to fly before him, as if borne away by a whirlwind. In this manner they thrice made the circuit of the amphitheatre, the bull becoming visibly weaker at every effort, and losing ground by degrees in the race. At the third time he fell on his knees, but rising almost immediately, he uttered a terrible cry of rage and pain, and as if he had given up the hope of reaching Silas, he cast his eyes round him in search of some other victim on whom to expend his wrath. He soon perceived Actea, and for a moment seemed to doubt whether she was a living thing, so statue-like was she in her attitude, so pale, so motionless; but having with expanded nostrils snuffed the air awhile, he gathered all his remaining strength, and charged full towards the spot where she stood bound. The shrinking maiden saw him approach, and gave a cry of terror, but Silas was watching over her; it was he who now in turn rushed towards the bull, and the bull who seemed to fly, but in a few bounds his faithful barb carried him to the side of his foe, when he leaped from the back of the steed to that of the savage animal, and while with his left hand he seized him by the horns, with the other he plunged his sword into his neck to the very hilt. The bull sank down in the agonies of death within a lance's length of Actea; but Actea had closed her eyes, awaiting the fatal stroke, and the applauses of the circus first apprised her that Silas was victorious.

Three slaves then entered the arena, two of them leading each a horse, which they harnessed to the carcass of the bull, in order to drag it from the amphitheatre, and the third bearing a cup and an amphora. He filled the cup with wine and presented it to the young Syrian, who barely wetted his lips, and then demanded other arms. They brought him a bow, arrows, and a spear, and hastened from the arena, for beneath the throne which the Emperor had left vacant a grating was raised, and a lion of the Atlas, issuing from his den, stalked majestically into the circus.

He might well be named the king of the creation, for at the roar with which he saluted the light of day every spectator shuddered, and the courser distrusting for the first time the speed and lightness of his limbs, answered with a terrified neigh. Silas alone, unmoved by this mighty voice, which he had often heard resounding through the deserts which extend from the Dead Sea to the fountains of Moses, prepared either for attack or defence, by taking shelter behind the tree nearest to that where Actea was bound, and fitting his best and sharpest arrow to the bow. During this time his noble and powerful enemy advanced with slow and confident step, seeming to inquire of the assembly what was expected from him, wrinkling the folds of loose skin round his face, and sweeping the sand with his tail. The guards endeavored to rouse him by aiming at him some pointless darts wrapped with fluttering streamers of different colors; but he, impassible and grave, continued to advance, disdaining to notice such feeble assailants, when suddenly among those harmless shafts a keen and hissing arrow passed like lightning through the air, and sunk deep into one of his shoulders. He stopped at once, more from surprise than pain, and as if unable to comprehend how a human being could be bold enough to attack him; he even seemed to doubt that he was wounded; but soon his eyes kindled with rage, his mouth opened, and a roar, deep, grave, and prolonged, like the growl of distant thunder, issued from the cavern of his capacious chest; he seized the arrow that was fixed in his flesh and broke it in his teeth, and with a look that made even the spectators recoil, notwithstanding the barrier that protected them, he sought some object on which to pour forth his royal anger. At this moment he perceived the steed, trembling as if he had come out of a frozen river, though covered with sweat and foam, and, ceasing his roar to utter a short, sharp, and repeated cry, he made a bound that brought him within twenty paces of the first victim that he had chosen.

Then commenced a second race more wonderful still than the first, for there was no longer the reason of the man to control the instinct of the animals; strength and speed were face to face in all their savage energy, and the eyes of two hundred thousand spectators were turned for a time from the two Christians to follow around the amphitheatre this fantastic chase, so much the more agreeable to the crowd as it was unexpected. A second spring brought the lion quite close to the horse, which, drawn up in an attitude of defence at the end of the circus, not daring to fly

either to the right or left, and finding his terrible enemy so near, with one desperate effort sprung clear over his head into the open ground, when the lion turning about began to pursue him with unequal bounds, bristling his mane, and now and then giving vent to hoarse yells, to which the fugitive responded by cries of deadly fear. But it was not long until the poor animal, fascinated and overcome, as it is said the stag and the gazelle are by the gaze of the serpent, fell plunging and rolling on the ground in an agony of terror. At that moment a second arrow flew from the unerring bow of Silas, and struck deeply between the ribs of the lion. He turned, and one instant's pause gave the Syrian time to dispatch a third messenger of pain. The lion sprang upon the man, the man received him on his spear, then the man and the lion strove awhile, rolling together on the earth. There was a confusion of cries and yells—shreds of quivering flesh were scattered round, and the nearest of the spectators felt themselves bedewed with a shower of warm blood. Actea's piercing shriek was the last earthly sound that reached the ears of her betrothed; she had no longer a defender, but neither had she an enemy, for the lion had only survived the man the short time necessary for vengeance, and the agony of the slayer had commenced as that of the victim ended.

All eyes were now turned upon Actea, whom the death of Silas had left unprotected. Some of the spectators rose to ask a grace for her, when cries of "sit down, sit down," were heard from the lower benches; a gate was opened, and a tigress glided into the arena. No sooner had she left the den than she crouched on the ground, gazing round her with ferocity, but without any apparent surprise: then she snuffed the air, and with a soft and plaintive roar, seemed to demand of the earth her absent prey, and soon began to creep like a serpent towards the place where the horse was lying dead, but the odor of the still warm blood that reached her seemed more attractive, for she turned towards the tree at whose foot the combat between Silas and the lion had terminated, gathering up on her way the fragments of flesh which had been scattered round him by the noble animal that had preceded her in the circus; and coming to a pool of blood not yet absorbed in the sand, she began to lap it like a thirsty dog, her savage nature kindling as she drank; then looking round again with her glittering eyes, she for the first time perceived Actea.

At the fearful sounds which arose from the death-struggle between Silas and his formidable antagonist, the maiden, fainting with horror and despair, had lowered her head, not daring to raise her eyes, lest she should behold the mangled limbs of her betrothed; and when the still more fearful silence that succeeded announced that all was over, she continued in the same attitude, showing no sign of life except the large and burning tears that fell slowly from her downcast lids. But whoever observed her closely might have perceived that the intense anguish imprinted on her pallid features, was gradually giving way before the influence of some more elevated feeling. Entirely abstracted and absorbed by this new and power-

ful sensation, she appeared to have forgotten all exterior objects; she no longer saw the immense multitude around her, beneath whose gaze she had shrunk so painfully at first; she heard not their savage cries, nor did she seem conscious of the new danger that threatened her. All that was earthly in her nature seemed indeed to have passed away with her tears—the heart's involuntary tribute to the purest and tenderest of human affections.

Meanwhile the tigress crouching to the ground, began to creep with a slow and stealthy motion towards her victim, on whom she kept her gaze immovably fixed, and she was within ten paces of the tree, when Actea, for the first time raising her head, saw the ferocious animal preparing to make the fatal spring. But was this the timid girl whom the thought of an agonizing death had so appalled? The trance of terror which had petrified her frame was gone, and the profound calmness that dwelt upon her lofty brow, the solemn radiance of her eyes, and the heroic dignity of her uplifted head, told of a struggle and a victory greater than those of the arena.—Faith had conquered the weakness of her nature—and as the maiden raised her kindling eyes to heaven, she seemed already to hear the angelic choir chanting the hymn of victory, for a smile of celestial joy, deep, soul-felt, and unutterable, lighted up her features and tinged her transparent cheek with a glow like the clouds of sunrise. No words escaped her lips, but the silent eloquence of her look and gesture expressed all the new-born fervor of devotion as she signed herself with the seal of faith—the divine symbol of redemption, and with her arms crossed upon her breast awaited the moment for the consummation of her sacrifice.

Just then the tigress, drawing herself up for the spring, cleared at one bound the space that had separated her from the young Christian, and while the very spectators who had come to clap their hands at her death, now uttered a cry of horror to see that death so near, expecting to behold her instantly torn to pieces, the tigress, alighting at her feet, lay down as gently as a lamb, and with a plaintive and caressing tone appeared to implore forgiveness from her intended victim. An event so unexpected, though not altogether unprecedented in the arena, was as yet sufficiently rare to excite the admiration of the multitude. Cries of "pardon! pardon!" resounded from every side: besides, Actea had undergone the three trials decreed, and since she was safe, she was also free; the feeling of the people changed by one of those sudden transitions so common with the crowd, from the extreme of cruelty to that of clemency. The young knights threw down their golden chains, the ladies their garlands of flowers, all stood up on the benches, calling for the slaves to come and unbind the victim. An eager throng awaited her liberation; on her appearance they burst into shouts of applause, and would have borne her away in triumph, but Actea joined her hands in the attitude of entreaty, and the people opened before her to the right and left, leaving her free to pass through.

She proceeded mechanically along the crowded way, scarcely conscious

of an object, and still half stupified with the remembrance of the terrors she had endured, and her own miraculous deliverance, until in passing by the temple of Diana she sank down by the base of a column, exhausted by the conflicting emotions of the day. No longer sustained by the near prospect of eternal glory, a human feeling of desolation came over her, and she wept long and bitterly, but when she had poured out her heart in prayer, the new day that had beamed upon her soul showed her the true source of consolation, and rising from the ground, she went with a firm step, and a serene and hopeful mien, to rejoin her family and the assembly of the Christians in the gloomy catacombs of Rome.

A D I E U !

THIS is a word with holy power
 To calm and cheer the aching heart,
 When in the sad and solemn hour
 The dearest friends are called to part.
 It lights the path as yet untrod
 When fond lips murmur *Unto God*
 I give thee my beloved—*Adieu!*

Sad fears arise when those we love
 Turn from the homes of early life
 And o'er earth's unknown desert rove
 To meet alone the storm of strife.
 Yet when the hour has come to leave
 Those friends so dear, our souls receive
 Sweet comfort from the word—*Adieu!*

At once a farewell and a prayer,
 It calms the fearful thoughts that swell;
 Placing the loved ones in God's care
 We feel that all may yet be well.
 And while we think on those away,
 Hoping to meet again, we pray,
 Take to thy care my God—*Adieu!*

When in the hour that Death's cold touch
 Darkens the eye once full of light,
 When all we loved and prized so much
 And thought to keep from death or blight,
 Is passing from our loving care,
 We still find strength to say the prayer
 I give thee to my God—*Adieu!*

To God I give all those I love,
 That He may guard, protect and bless,
 And shedding graces from above
 Make their sweet lives all happiness.
 And when from earth they turn to heaven
 To angels bright the task be given
 To call them to their God—*Adieu!*

Southern Standard.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. V.

A CURE FOR SUICIDE.—Scarcely a day passes without the announcement of a suicide, sometimes accompanied by murder. In this country and in England, the frightful prevalence of this crime has called public attention to the best means of arresting its progress. In New York, last year, the number of suicides reached sixty-two; in London, it appears from the police returns, that the number has been doubled and quadrupled in the last few years, and the city magistrates propose an appeal to Parliament, it is presumed, in search of a remedy. Parliament may legislate a creed for a man during his life, until it legislates him into infidelity, or at least indifference, but then it is powerless to arrest the fatal consequences of that no-belief which permits the soul in its despair to leap blindly into eternity. The Christian Advocate, of New York, proposes the passage of a law giving the bodies of those declared suicides by a coroner's inquest, to the schools of anatomy, and it is gravely added by another paper that such a remedy might prove effective. As far as this might create horror of the crime it might avail some little; but he, who would dare to plunge his soul into eternal torture if he had belief in Christianity, will care but little for the disposal of his body, whether in the dead-room or at the cross-roads; and he who believes in no future state of punishment, will consider his escape from the sorrows of a disappointed life an ample remuneration for the dissection of the body from which he has torn away his despairing spirit.

The only remedy which Protestantism has for this frightful crime is "Parliament" and "dissection." It can reach the body, but it is impotent to restrain the soul. Its power is of this world for man, but not for man's immortal soul in eternity. In order to act, its Church must call in the State. A "cure for suicide" more radical than this must be obtained.

Suicide is eminently a heathen crime; indeed, in the ages of paganism, it was often raised to the rank of a virtue; and it sprang from the belief which placed man's greatest happiness in the possession of the goods of the world, in material things,—his greatest misery in their deprivation,—and, even where it faintly dreamed of the immortality of the soul, took but little account of its future state. Successful, prosperous life was all to it: the future, nothing. To such, suicide was almost a rational escape from the ills of a hopeless life. Christianity, Catholicity, the Church, struck at the root of all this. Worldly prosperity, the pleasures, the glory of life, the body save as ennobled by faith in its glorified resurrection, its beauty and its sensitive delights, even as its sorrows and its sufferings, were nothing in its view, except so far as they might be made subservient to the one great end, the service of God and the salvation of the soul. Protestantism, departing from the ancient doctrines and traditions of the

Church, denying the efficacy of good works and patient endurance of sufferings for the soul hereafter, relaxing the bonds of faith by making the individual arbiter of his own creed, and elevating material things, the things of this life, above spiritual things, the things of eternity, loses hold upon the reins by which the Church restrained the unhappy soul from the desperate act, has no consolations to hold out to it except so far as it retains Catholic teaching, has no supernatural grace to sustain it, and in mad desperation the final plunge is made in the hope perhaps that all is then ended and at rest. And so a "Christian Advocate" suggests "dissection,"—a dishonoring of the dead remains, an agony to the sad surviving family,—as a "preventive" punishment for the despairing soul that has already answered at a higher tribunal than a coroner's inquest, and London magistrates call on Parliament to restrain suicide by statute!

Suicide is not, and cannot be a crime prevalent among a Catholic people. The infidelity which reigned throughout France, and particularly in Paris, at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, leaving wide remains to this day, as a natural and logical consequence, flooded the country with this frightful crime. But a Catholic Frenchman, Irishman, Spaniard, Italian, German, or American, never commits suicide: not until he has lost and utterly denied his faith, or until his reason has been destroyed by insanity, could he dare to rush unsummoned into the presence of his Maker. He endures patiently and long through all the sorrows of life, sustained by the consolations of his faith and the graces of the sacraments, and when the happy hour of his release from this valley of tears at length arrives, he resigns his weary soul to his Maker and Redeemer to receive the crown of glory for which he has toiled and suffered. Millions died of famine in Catholic Ireland; but not one of suicide amid all the horrors of fever and starvation.

"I would commit suicide to-day, if I were an Universalist," exclaimed a blind man; and if he had believed in universal salvation, or perhaps even in the predestination of Calvin, would such a conclusion have been altogether illogical?

"A cure for suicide," will be found only by a return to the Catholic doctrines of the destiny of the human soul, the end of its creation and the means of its salvation; and to the Catholic estimate of the value of things temporal, and things eternal, from which day by day a large portion of Protestantism is farther and farther steadily departing. The Gospel of Sharp's rifles, and wire cartridges, preached from the pulpit, is but a poor aid to sustain the weary, stricken, and despairing souls, who turn in frenzy from this mockery of religion, and with red hands, rid themselves of all this mortal coil, incredulous or reckless of an Eternal Future.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

The entrance of Lord Henry put an end to the conversation. Silva quickly dried his tears, and there was no more said on the subject.

The same evening I was passing through the village with Lord Walsingham, when our attention was attracted by the conversation of two workmen. The name of Silva struck our ears; they were speaking of his works of charity, but soon their conversation turned on the frequent visits of the young Walsingham to a certain farmhouse in the neighborhood, and where they insinuated other than benevolent motives led him.

The surprise of Lord Henry was equal to mine. The workmen were so far ahead of us we could not hear any more, and both of us were absorbed in the reflections occasioned by this adventure.

Mr. Kennelly came up to us. "When Silva walks beyond the castle do you always accompany him," demanded Lord Walsingham; "or is Edmund with him?"

"Lord Edmund seldom accompanies him; you know that they have divided the care of the poor families, each one goes his own way. I am sometimes witness of affecting acts of their benevolence, but much more frequently they hide them from me."

Lord Walsingham spoke of something else, and entered the castle.

After supper, he announced his intention of setting out for London.

"I do not know," said he, "how long my business may detain me there. Edmund will remain here, and you, Silva, will come with me."

In finishing these words, he fixed his eyes on the latter. The countenance of the young Walsingham betrayed great agitation, and became alternately very red and extremely pale. Meantime Edmund looked anxiously and disturbedly at Lord Walsingham.

"Is the order irrevocable, my lord?" said he.

"Yes, my son. I have reflected maturely before deciding; you know, besides, that your mother wishes it."

"And, my lord, when will this departure take place?"

"To-morrow morning."

"I cannot separate from you, my lord," cried Edmund, vehemently; "you will hear my prayer, and you will not repulse the child who loves you still more than he can respect your wishes."

"Stay with us, Edmund," said Sir Lois, "we will find means to console you."

Edmund, without listening to him, rose up; Lord Walsingham, preventing his entreaties, said:

"I have told you, my son, that my resolution was invariable—submit to it; if I loved you less, I would not deprive myself of your society, which is dearer to me than I can express; I have strong reasons."

"I know them, my lord, I alone am the object of them, and therefore I do not think it my duty to respect them as if they concerned your own safety."

Lord Henry, assuming a grave and serious air, left the apartment. Edmund wished to fly after him. Sir Lois detained him in the ante-chamber. Edmund vainly endeavored to disengage himself; his temper was roused. Sir Lois roared out laughing, and the more he laughed, the more Edmund was enraged. At length, fury lending him strength, he broke away violently.

"Is it thus, and in this beautiful condition, that you are going to present yourself to Lord Walsingham? Oh! really! your moderation will induce him to take you to London."

"Edmund wished to answer; but pale with rage and grief, he could only utter inarticulate sounds, with distorted countenance and languid look, he threw himself upon a seat almost lifeless, and shedding burning tears, which probably saved him from a frightful death.

Silva followed him, trembling at the condition in which he saw him, and putting his arms around him, entreated him to be calm. Edmund repulsed him without knowing it. Mr. Kennelly came, and taking a glass of water, presented it to his pupil.

During this time Silva flew to his father's cabinet and related to him with an excited voice what had just occurred, and conjured him to come to Edmund. Lord Walsingham, who knew the violent character of his nephew, foresaw the consequences of this quarrel between him and Sir Lois, yielded to his request and came to them. Sir Lois continued a derision that was as improper as it was unkind.

"Sir Lois," said Silva, firmly, "will you have the goodness to withdraw. Can you thus insult any one you see out of his mind? At least yield to my entreaty. Once more, I say, leave the room!"

"But, my dear Silva, how haughty you are!"

"It is not haughtiness, since I have requested you," replied Silva, with a calmness which never left him. "Go—at least grant me this satisfaction."

"He owes me another," said Edmund, in a little better condition to express himself.

Lord Walsingham made a sign to Sir Lois to go out, and his look admitted no reply; the young man withdrew. Henry seated beside Edmund kept a mournful silence—no one spoke for more than five minutes; Edmund, with downcast eyes, sobbed aloud; his uncle held both his hands in his, and contemplated him with painful compassion, for the moment of reproach and the language of reason had not come. Finally the young Marquis of Rosline arose, and casting himself on his knees before Lord Walsingham, burst into tears.

"Be calm, my son," said the Count, with gravity mingled with kindness and grief. "I pardon you, and will forget the fault you have committed. May your repentance expiate it in its fullest extent. I warn you, however, that it is the last time I hope to have a similar violence to forgive; if you are ever again so unhappy as to yield to such transports of rage, I will separate myself from you. The condition in which we have seen you is unworthy of you, who are of the blood of Arthur, that angel of patience and resignation. It dishonors the religion in which God has granted you the favor to be born. What an example, my son, for Sir Lois, whilst the practice of all Christian virtues, would perhaps, bring him back to the truth! What scandal to Lord Seymour! I speak not of the deep wound you have made in your own soul, and in my heart."

Edmund, still prostrate at the feet of Lord Henry, who did not offer to raise him, was unable to reply. The Count retired a few steps.

"Go," said he, "with Mr. Kennelly; beg him to help you to make your peace with heaven."

Edmund retained one of his uncle's hands, and his supplicating looks expressed what his tongue dared not solicit.

"Ah! my lord," interrupted Silva, "be for him his consoling angel, his indulgent father—raise up yourself his oppressed soul; prepare him for repentance; who can ever replace a father in such cares."

Lord Walsingham looked for a long time with surprise at his son, the extent of whose deep sensibility was betrayed in these words. Then he raised Edmund up, pressed him to his heart and took him to his cabinet, where he remained with him two hours. He himself related to me their whole conversation.

On entering the cabinet he led his nephew to a mirror in a recess at the end of the room. "See," said he, with great kindness, "the ravages of passion; there is, it is true, but a feeble trace of what you were half an hour since, you would then have recoiled at the sight you presented." He made him sit down, and placing himself beside him, said: "Do you feel a sincere regret for your fault, and has repentance already produced in you an inviolable resolution never again to yield to anger? We have seen you within two steps of death; what would have become of your soul? Great God! does not this thought make you tremble?"

"I am so guilty, and so humbled for my fault, that I dare scarcely promise you that it will be the last of my life; it seems to me I would rather die than to forget myself again on this point. I hope the divine goodness will pardon me; I shall never cease to groan over my errors, and will do all in my power to repair them—"

"You can do it, my son, by your conduct to Sir Lois."

Edmund turned red and frowned slightly; then leaning his forehead on his uncle's knees, he said: "Ah! this is the most difficult. I have already calculated on the means of settling our differences."

"Were you then what you are now? And what inducement in the world could make you consent in cold blood to expose your own and your neighbor's soul? Sir Lois is to-day in a state of error, little, or scarcely at all concerned for his salvation—and in a state such as every true Catholic would give his life to preserve the days of this unfortunate young man, in the hope, that he might at some future period employ them in saving his soul; and you, who would willingly die like your father and so many of his brave compatriots for the faith, would you deliberately entertain the idea of taking away his life and ruining him forever? Enter into yourself, my dear Edmund. Besides," continued Lord Henry, after a short silence, "have you not offended Sir Lois; have you not scandalized him? Your reparation ought, then, to be the pardon of the wrongs he may have done you, and an exemplary life for the future, with a sincere regret for the violence of which you have been guilty. If your pride, if a misplaced haughtiness, suffers from it, offer, dear Edmund, this slight satisfaction to Him, who is about to pardon you by the mouth of his minister."

"My lord, it would be easy for me to make this resolution, I know it; but to accomplish it, to see Sir Lois with indifference, to suffer again, perhaps, his railleries; must I, in fine, respect him?"

"No, my son; but pity him, love him, excuse him and win him to virtue; conquer him even by an excess of indulgence and kindness."

"But, my lord, can I not avoid him, fly from him, since I feel myself so incapable of following your advice?"

"Yes, provided you do not do it from a sentiment of aversion—avoid him also as long as you have not sufficient virtue to edify him; mourn over your weakness, and triumph over it quickly by assiduously fighting against your natural impetuosity. Go now to the chapel: I will request Mr. Kennelly to join you in half an hour."

In saying these words, Lord Walsingham left him; he met Sir Lois:

"My son," said he, "has not insulted you, he has acted like a man devoid of faith and reason, but his repentance equals his fault; do me the favor not to speak of it to him. Let this example, my dear Sir Lois, instruct you and make a lasting impression on your mind; your railleries, no doubt, proceeded from thoughtlessness, but they were most imprudent towards a person in Edmund's situation. Remember, that a good heart would tremble at inflaming the passion of a person whom he sees a slave to it; and as it is most pleasing to God to restore peace where disorder has reigned, so is it abominable to add fuel to the fire of anger."

Sir Lois expressed his regret for what had passed, and promised to follow the advice of his friend. Lord Walsingham sent to inquire whether Silva was prepared for their departure.

Upon meeting me, he related to me all that he had done, and acknowledged to me that he had no purpose in setting out so soon for London, and above all, he did not wish to leave Sir Lois and Edmund at Castle Grove together in their reciprocal situations, but to try Silva he had not countermanded the order; then he begged me to observe him, as his chamber was near mine; for if the conversations we had overheard was founded, it was probable that the young lord would have farewells to make in the village before his departure.

CHAPTER V.

It was near midnight when I returned to my room; as Silva was not in his, the door being open, I went to the chapel, where I found him. I asked him if any one had given him his father's message relatively to their departure? "I am ready," said he, and returned to his prayers. I noticed that he was weeping. Having some letters to write, I did not go to bed. Silva passed part of the night in the chapel. About four o'clock in the morning, he went down softly; I followed him at a distance; he entered the office, took a little basket, in which he put some citrons, oranges, two bottles of Spanish wine, and some pots of sweet meats, and covering the whole with a pocket handkerchief, he went out of the castle by the back door. I continued to follow him, not doubting that he was going to the farm-house in question; he stopped near a little ruined building, set his basket on the ground, took off his coat and clothed himself with that of a peasant, then he went to an isolated farm-house into which he entered; a peasant woman received him; I could distinguish only these words, which he said to her in going in: "I am in a great hurry."

Leaving him at the farm house, I returned to Castle Grove, where I went to relate all I had seen to Lord Walsingham, who went with me to the farm-house, where we were not known, it being a hamlet independent of the Castle; we asked for some warm milk, which was brought to us, with black bread and fresh butter.

The peasant woman who waited on us was about forty years old. Lord Henry asked her if this farm belonged to her?

"Yes, sir," said she, "I live here with my husband, who is almost always in town. He works in the garden of the Duke of Leicester."

"You and your husband live here alone?"

"We have a niece, who comes from time to time to spend a week with us," &c.; as the woman finished these words, the door at the other end of the room opened, and Silva in the disguise of a peasant entered, and not seeing us, he took a pitcher of water, poured some in a glass, and then addressing the woman, he said: "Will you do me the favor to procure me some hot water to make some tea?" Raising his eyes at this moment, he saw us, and the greatest confusion appeared on his countenance.

Lord Walsingham not wishing to betray his son, called him as if he did not know him. "My friend," said he, "you can render me a service, will you come with us a moment." He arose, thanked the farmer's wife, went out with me, and Silva followed without uttering a single word. As soon as we reached the wood,—*"I expect an explanation of your conduct, my son,"* said the Count gravely, *"until then, I suspend my judgment—speak without reserve."*

An expressive look was Silva's only reply; he wished to take his father's hand, but he withdrew it with indignation depicted on his face.

Lord Walsingham, notwithstanding his excellent qualities, was a little prejudiced against his son, whom he thought less candid, and more cold and reserved than Edmund towards him.

"What have I done, my lord, what is my fault?"

"One does not thus disguise himself for good actions."

"My lord, I wished to be unknown, it was necessary that I should not be known in this farm house."

"Yes, and dare you tell why?"

Silva colored deeply.

"Unhappy child, have you so soon forgotten the principles of religion and honor?"

"My lord, will you excuse my want of prudence and discretion?"

"What motive then leads you constantly here, does Mr. Kennelly know it?"

"No, my lord."

"Tell me then what attracts you here; am I no longer worthy of your confidence?" "Never, sir," continued Lord Walsingham with warmth, "have you given me the confidence and affection, which the title of father and friend demand, and which I have always been to you. I have borne this injustice, because, I thought your conduct proceeded from principles of a rigid virtue. I said to myself, God demands my son of me, he belongs more to him than he does to me, I will not dispute him, with him. But to-day, that I have reason to fear that under the appearance of religion you may hide defects that I must disavow, it is time for me to change my manner of acting towards you."

Silva had thrown himself at his father's feet without uttering a word in his own defence. His face bathed in tears, and his convulsive sobs rendered him an object worthy of compassion. "Never," said he, in broken accents, "never for one instant of my whole life, have I done anything that I thought would displease you." "Get up," said the Count indignantly, "enter into yourself, and you will acknowledge to your father what he has a right to demand, and what he expects from you." In say-

ing these words Lord Walsingham took my arm and left him quickly. Silva went to the little ruin, put on his own clothes, and returned to the castle nearly as soon as we did.

At the hour for breakfast Edmund entered. His confused look expressed his regret for his violence the day before; he bowed, and coming up to me, said: "Were you, my lord, less charitable, you would have been scandalized at my conduct yesterday; I beg you to forgive me." I pressed his hand. "God preserve me," replied I, "from judging the faults of others, I who have so much need of indulgence and mercy."

Lord Walsingham enquired of our health to divert us. Sir Lois was grave and respectful towards Edmund; Silva was very pale and only took a cup of tea, and feeling indisposed he got up. I saw that he trembled, and taking his hand, I did not doubt that he had fever. Lord Walsingham looked at him some time in silence, then he said with great kindness: "Silva, go to bed, we will not leave Castle Grove to-day." Silva thanked him. Trifling indispositions, as well as great, frequently have the same beginnings, again said the Count, and should never surprise us; try to be at peace with yourself; if you do not possess this peace, put your conscience in order; I am going to send Mr. Kennelly to you."

"I am very tranquil, as to myself," replied Silva, with a sad smile; "I wish," added he in a low voice, "to be as much so —. Moreover, all is in the hands of God, he has no need of a miserable creature like me, for his works of mercy."

In speaking thus to himself, he went out; Mr. Kennelly went after him, and some time afterwards came back to us. He told us that he had found Silva very much oppressed, but so tranquil, that he had only to request him to rest: besides added he, how could he be troubled? This child is an angel, his life is irreproachable. And, indeed I could not connect our suspicions with Silva's habitual conduct; this young man confessed every fifteen days, and communicated still oftener. Of a cheerful, sweet temper, and always the same, he knew how to practice without display or affectation the most rigorous mortifications; sacrificing continually his least inclinations, refusing himself everything to multiply his alms, and never hesitating to submit his lights to others. The delicacy of his complexion served but to conceal his austere life; he refused himself fire in the greatest severity of winter, on pretext that this regime would strengthen him; I understood from one of his domestics that he seldom slept in his bed, but almost always on the floor; but in the morning he tossed and disarranged his bed, to make it appear that he had slept in it. In the plays, to which he gave himself up with an amiable gaiety, he always preserved the presence of God, and frequently I have seen him stop in the midst of a recital, or conversation, to recollect himself and change the subject. Then he would acknowledge to me, when I urged him, that he had interrupted himself because he might have added something it would be better not to say. It is very rare at this age to be always on one's guard and never to grant anything to human respects which so easily glides into the most holy societies. It is true, that Lord Walsingham gave an example of the most solid virtues to his children, and that the remembrance of Lorenzo, whose god-son Silva was, was for him a powerful motive of emulation and encouragement to walk in his footsteps.

Count Henry and myself went together to Silva's room; his sleep was disturbed; his fever increased towards evening, he asked for Mr. Moore urgently, and when reminded that he was absent, he covered his face with his hands, weeping; then after a short reflection, he begged to be left

alone with Edmund. "Your brother has no secrets from me," said Lord Walsingham, "therefore I do not see the necessity of my going out for what you have to say to him."

Silva colored; his countenance expressed deep emotion; he seized the hand of his father and put it to his burning lips; then he looked at him wildly.

Lord Henry had sent to Oxford for a physician. The servant came back with Mr. Moore, whom he met, and, who learning the condition of his young friend, followed him to Grove Castle.

Silva had a paroxysm of fever when he arrived: he did not know any one. I had drawn near his bed to cover him; he took my hand, and without knowing me: "O my father," cried he, "allow me to give you this name, have compassion on your child, the son of your Caroline! your indifference will kill me! Edmund is a thousand times more worthy of your love; but, remember, Silva is your son, pardon me . . . love me still." . . . He cast his arms affectionately around his father, who had leaned towards him, and fell again on his bed exhausted and speechless.

Edmund burst into tears; Lord Walsingham took his son in his arms, and pressed him to him with much emotion. Silva recognized him, a lively color succeeded to his extreme paleness. "I do not merit your kindness, my lord," said he, with a feeble voice.

"Only get well, my dear child," replied the Count, with feeling, "and fear nothing from a father who cherishes you."

"Ah! I am too happy," cried Silva; then perceiving Mr. Moore: "Is it possible then that God has sent you here, sir; how I have sighed after your presence."

"Do you desire to be alone with Mr. Moore, my son?" asked Lord Henry.

"No, certainly," replied Silva, quickly, "upon no account do I wish to be without you."

"Never have I witnessed so much affection in your pupil," whispered the Count to Mr. Kennelly.

"Have you not known his deep sensibility, my lord? Your son is susceptible of the most violent passions; his complexion even would contribute to it, were it not for the vigilance with which his virtue represses them; it is by the violence that he exercises over himself, that he ordinarily appears so meek and indifferent."

Mr. Moore took Silva's hand, it was burning; he looked at him for some moments.

"Will you think of Augusta," said he, in a low voice. "Go, I beg you, to see her; for William cannot take care of her for some days, this torments me extremely."

"Be tranquil, dear Lord Silva, I will take charge of her." Mr. Moore spoke quickly of something else; Lord Walsingham was very pensive. Seeing his son asleep he whispered to Mr. Moore, "have you not all Silva's confidence?"

"My lord, he grants me a great deal; there is nevertheless one thing I can never perfectly know of him, which is the inexhaustible depth of his virtues, on which I make new discoveries every day."

The Count smiled.

"Everybody, sir, is not so indulgent as you; but would you be so kind as to tell me whether you are the confidant of my son's frequent visits to the farm house, that is just at the corner of the woods." Then lowering his voice, he did not conceal the motives of his curiosity concerning this

farm house. Mr. Moore excused himself from answering at this moment, and promised as soon as Silva was convalescent, to answer him fully.

We remained until very late with this interesting young man. The next morning he awoke free from fever, and got up before Mr. Moore arrived, who was charmed to find him so well, and permitted him to walk in the garden. Towards twelve o'clock he went out of the Castle, and quietly took the road to the farm house; Mr. Moore having seen him at a distance, came and offered Lord Walsingham to discover to him all that concerned Silva, if he would accompany him to the cabin.

Henry prayed me to come with them, and we departed. The farmer's wife received us; she was alone. "Where is William," asked Mr. Moore, "has he gone up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, do not tell him we are here. We are going to see Augusta."

In saying these words, he opened the door at the end of the room; going before us,—on a stair-case as straight as a ladder—he introduced us into a miserable garret, where the most affecting spectacle met our eyes.

Upon some straw a woman was lying, absolutely disfigured and unrecognizable with a species of cancer, which covered her entire person, an infectious odor reached even the narrow landing of this sad place. The young peasant whom we easily recognized as Silva, was on his knees beside her, washing her face with a liquor contained in a vase near him. Struck with surprise and admiration, we remained on the sill of the door without being perceived.

"Do you remember your promise," said he, in a touching and faltering voice; "reflect that the hour, perhaps, is not far distant when there will be an end to your misfortunes, and that it depends on you to make it the commencement of perfect felicity. Mr. Moore has often solicited you on this subject, he may have done it with greater eloquence, but not with more affection, fear and grief. Could I give my life to cure you, I would only procure for you a passing enjoyment, of which death would sooner or later deprive you, whilst a desire, a single act of sorrow and love, would draw upon you an immense weight of glory and happiness, which will never end, and you may make of your actual sufferings the pledge of your felicity. Ah! Madam," continued he with warmth, "permit me to go and bring Mr. Moore, receive him, listen to him, do not wait until it is too late, and the time of mercy is past. Have pity on my tears, and on yourself. Mr. Moore saw you yesterday. I sent him, fearing it would be several days before I could come here, perhaps the fever will return again this evening, and I shall be no longer able to leave Grove Castle. Shall I not have the consolation of being reassured about your fate?" He stopped, bathing the pale and withered hands of the unfortunate creature with his tears.

"Angel of virtue!" said she, with emotion, "do you not think that the mercy of Heaven is long since tired of such hardness and perversity? Go! I know it better than you, there is no longer hope—for several years it has been extinguished in my heart."

"Stop, do not again utter this blasphemy; the clemency of a God all love pursues you; it solicits you till the last moment, when death will forbid it forever! Cast yourself into the bosom of this father full of tenderness, who flies to meet the prodigal child. Render these sterile tears meritorious by shedding them at his feet; implore him. The first word

pronounced with love and sorrow, by this mouth, which dares not to invoke his name, will be an act of your pardon, and of his return to you by his grace." Silva then took from his bosom the cross of Lorenzo, which he always carried about him, and placed it on the trembling lips of Augusta. He then spoke to her a long time with much animation, but too low for us to comprehend what he said. She burst into tears, and pressed the cross to her heart. "Bring Mr. Moore," said she, "but return with him, and do not leave me." Silva rose up, and darted out of the room, and found himself in the arms of his father. He turned pale; Lord Walsingham was too much affected to speak; he pressed his son a moment to his heart, then, with a faltering voice, he said: "Let not my presence interrupt the work of Heaven, which you long to complete. Mr. Moore will follow you; do not trouble yourself about returning to the Castle before you have fulfilled the designs for which God employs you in his service."

Silva, without replying, kissed the hand of his father and took Mr. Moore's arm: "Our prayers are heard, sir; come, she wishes to see you."

To be continued.

INFANTS ASLEEP.

How beautiful they are—that infant pair,
As they lie wrapped in calm and dreamless sleep,
Nestling like mated doves—and mingling sweet
The perfume of their pure and gentle breaths.
On his fair sister's snowy arm, the boy
Hath couched his downy cheek, and she hath thrown
Her head upon his bosom lovingly:
So motionless they lie, they might be ta'en
For a creation of the sculptor's art,
But that the azure and transparent veins
That wander through their alabaster brows,
And the soft hue that mantles o'er their cheeks
Like the reflection of a rose on snow,
Proclaim the hand of Deity is there.

There is a charm about their loveliness,
Beauty, material only, could not give.
'Tis in the exquisite repose, which tells
That souls unsullied, and hearts free from guile,
Within those graceful tabernacles dwell;
No human passions mar their tranquil rest;
No feverish dreamings, such as haunt the soul
Which hath had commerce with the busy world,
Raising up shadowy phantoms of the past,
And visions of the future—there they lie
In their consummate grace, twin cherubims,—
Fresh from their God—all purity and peace.

[Selected.]

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITE.

THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE POPE.—The following extract from the "*Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated*," by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, both on account of the importance of the subject, and the high authority of the learned and distinguished author, is worthy of a careful perusal:

The primacy is essentially a spiritual office, which has not, of divine right, any temporal appendage: yet the Pope is actually sovereign of a small principality in Italy, designated the *patrimony of St. Peter, or the States of the Church*. It has been so styled, because it has been attached to the pontifical office, through reverence for the prince of the apostles. It has no necessary connection with the primacy, and though Catholics beyond the Roman States, are not subject to the civil authority of the Pope, yet it is a matter of no small interest to trace its history, and observe by what a combination of events Providence has annexed it to the Holy See, and most wonderfully maintained it amidst the revolutions of empires and kingdoms.

Christ sent forth his disciples without scrip or staff, giving them no dominion over the least spot of earth. In making Peter the ruler of His kingdom, He gave him no dominion, nor wealth, nor any of the appendages of royalty. The Master had not whereon to lay His head; and the chief disciple was unprovided with any earthly possession. Gold and silver he had not, but he had powers of a supernatural order, for the government of men in order to salvation.

The generous zeal with which the first disciples devoted themselves to the service of God, led many of them to sell their property, and lay the purchase-money at the feet of St. Peter, to form thence a common fund for the general necessities: yet we have no reason to suppose that it rose to any great amount, since the constantly flowing streams of beneficence left but little in the common reservoir. When the apostle closed his career, he bequeathed to his successors no inheritance but the labors and dangers of his office. For three centuries they continued exposed to the fury of persecution. Nevertheless, the generosity of the faithful consecrated to the service of religion, under their direction, a considerable portion of their worldly riches; so that a public treasure was formed, by means of which the clergy and a large number of indigent persons were supported. In the middle of the third century, Pope Cornelius, in a letter to Fabius, Bishop of Antioch, stated that there were then at Rome forty-six priests, seven deacons, seven sub-deacons, forty-two acolythes, fifty-two exorcists, lectors, and janitors; that is, clergymen in minor orders; and one thousand five hundred widows, with other afflicted and distressed persons,—to all of whom the grace and bounty of the Lord furnished support. The heathens believed the wealth of the Church to be great, since the deacon Laurence, in the time of persecution, was called on to deliver it up to the public officer. To avoid doing so, he distributed all to the poor, whom he presented at the appointed time, saying: "Here are the treasures of the Church."

It is certain that the Emperor Constantine, on his conversion to Christianity, bestowed large possessions on the Bishop of Rome; although the document purporting to be the instrument of donation is now acknowledged to be supposititious. As the acute De Maistre observes, nothing is more certain than the donation of Constantine. Voltaire avows that "he gave in reality to the cathedral church of St. John, not to the Bishop of Rome individually, a thousand marcs of gold, and thirty thousand marcs of silver, with a revenue of fourteen thousand sous, and lands in Calabria. Each emperor successively increased this patrimony. The Bishops of Rome stood in need of it. The missionaries whom they soon sent to pagan Europe, the exiled Bishops to whom they afforded a refuge, the poor whom they fed, put them under the necessity of being very wealthy." The palace of Lateran was in the possession of the Pope, soon after

the conversion of Constantine, since Melchiades held there a Council to decide the Donatist controversy, and the Church erected beside it still bears the name of the generous emperor. Fleury testifies, that from the ancient monuments of the Roman Church, it is apparent that Constantine gave to the baptistery of St. John of Lateran, which is attached to the Constantine basilic, so many houses and farms, not only in Italy, but likewise in Sicily, Africa, and Greece, that the annual revenue amounted to 30,934 marcs of gold. Secular influence naturally followed wealth, and the withdrawal of Constantine from the ancient capital of the empire, left the Bishop of Rome in a position almost independent; the pontifical chair being no longer overshadowed by the imperial throne. Necessity forced him oftentimes to act as protector and father of the Roman people, when his interposition alone could avert the wrath of some fierce barbarian rushing forward to lay the fair city in ruins, and fill her streets with her slaughtered citizens. When Attila, "the scourge of God," at the head of 500,000 Huns, advanced to its destruction, the mild eloquence of Leo the Great disarmed him. Two years afterwards, the Pontiff discharged the same office of mediator with Genseric, who, at the head of Vandals and Moors, came to wreak vengeance on the queen of nations: but he could only save the citizens by delivering the city to pillage. Although the Bishop of Rome was not in fact a temporal sovereign, yet his spiritual power was surrounded with so great secular influence, that he almost ranked as a prince, and felt that wrongs inflicted on his representatives in the imperial court were violations of the rights of sovereignty. In 484, St. Felix complained to the Emperor Zeno, that the laws of nations had been violated by the injurious treatment of his legates.

The moderation and indulgence with which the Popes treated dependents, made men desirous of enjoying their protection. St. Gregory the Great exhorted Sabinian, Bishop of Callipolis, a city dependent on the Roman Church, to see that the citizens should not be overmuch burdened. Pantaleon, the notary of Syracuse, having reported to him that injustice had been practised in the name of the Roman Church on her dependents, he praised him, and directed strict inquiry to be made into the wrongs already committed, that they might be repaired: "for," he says, "like the Teacher of the nations, I have all things, and abound: and I do not seek money, but a heavenly recompense." He instructed Peter, his agent in Sicily, to cause restitution to be made, if, as was alleged, the possessions of individuals, or their personal property, or their slaves, had been seized on in the name of the Roman Church, within the preceding ten years, and to save the aggrieved the trouble of coming to Rome for redress. Strict impartiality was enjoined by him, as the best evidence which the agent could give of his devotedness to the Apostolic See: "for then," says he, "you will be truly a soldier of St. Peter, if in cases which concern him you maintain what is right, without regard to his interests." Guizot, after citing some humane regulations of Gregory, observes: "It is easy to understand why people were at that time eager to place themselves under the dominion of the Church: lay proprietors were certainly far from showing like solicitude for the well-being of the occupants of their domains."

The possessions of the Roman Church were regarded as a trust for the poor, whose interest St. Gregory felt that he was guarding, while he attended to the collection of the revenues, which he dispensed with liberality and discernment. He directed two thousand bushels of wheat to be given by the Deacon Cyprian, his agent in Sicily, to the Bishop Zeno, for the relief of the poor of the city. Sending the priest Candidus into Gaul, to manage the small patrimony of the Roman Church in that kingdom, he ordered the revenues to be employed in buying clothes for the poor, and in purchasing English boys of seventeen or eighteen years of age, that they might be rescued from the bondage of error and sin, and instructed in some monastery where they might serve God.

THOSE who, in consequence of superior capacity and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, being continued, will make knowledge useless and genius contemptible.

THE INDIAN AND THE DOG.—Many years ago, says a Boston paper, an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull-dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation. Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent all the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who passed along, either on pleasure or business. The owner, first mate of the vessel, would sit for hours and detail the wonderful deeds of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero, or rather, there raved the insane creature of the multitude, each individual indulging the vague hope that he would presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his powers.

Among the idlers was an Indian, who occasionally visited the city and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, the bull-dog was particularly violent, greatly to the amusement of the fellows, who took a malicious pleasure in irritating the animal. The mate finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose and eat him up. The Indian, not the least alarmed, in broken English announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground and chained to a post, he would for five dollars fight the dog with nothing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down from the ship and fastened him to a post. The Indian put away his bow and arrow, his knife, laid his neck bare, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced.

The Indian approached the dog crawling upon all-fours, barking and growling as if he was one himself. The bull-dog mean while jumped and fumed at the mouth, while his eyes beamed living fire with irritation. The Indian, however, kept up his pantomime, and gradually brought his face in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered, for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had become excited, and insisted upon "seeing the thing out." A mutual silence ensued between the combatants, the dog straining his chain in his anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was as straight and solid as a bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian seized the bull-dog's under-lip between his teeth, and in an instant whirled himself with the dog, over on his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air, and his jaw imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain; whereupon the Indian shook him a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold. The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy, and screamed with terror to get beyond the reach of the chain.

AVARICE.—Hesham 15th Caliph of the Saracens was an able statesman, but was avaricious and seldom withheld by justice from robbing his people. El Makin, the Arabian author, relates that no caliph ever possessed so much tapestry nor so many robes and garments. "Six hundred camels," says this author, "were employed to carry his wardrobe, of which a thousand girdles and ten thousand shirts made a part." Waled, his nephew, ambitious of reigning, having received intelligence that Hesham was ill and past recovery, despatched some of his confidants to Damascus, that they might take possession of the royal treasure in his name. One day, Hesham having got a little respite, asked for a sum of money out of his treasury, which he wanted to dispose of. Finding that access to it was refused, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "O God! have I been amassing wealth all my life, not for myself, but for Waled!" These were his last words, grief and indignation broke his heart. This prince so fond of hoarding, died in as great want of necessities as the most wretched of his subjects. "He who hath gold, hath fear: he who hath none, hath sorrow."—Covetous men are fools, says Burton, miserable wretches, buzzards, madmen, who live by themselves, in perpetual slavery, fear, suspicion, sorrow, discontent, with more of gall than honey in their enjoyments, who are rather possessed by their money than possessors of it; *mancipati pecuniis*, bound apprentices to their property; and *servi divitiarum*, mean slaves and drudges to their substance.

A MAN VOLUNTARILY IN BED FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS.—The last London "Illustrated News" has the following:—

On Friday, the 7th inst., were consigned to their final resting place, in the church yard of Keighley, Yorkshire, the mortal remains of one of the most eccentric individuals that ever lived; in fact a parallel seems scarcely possible of a man voluntarily going to bed in good health, and remaining there for a period of 49 years! He went by the cognomen of "Old Threelaps" in the neighborhood, but his real name was William Sharpe. He lived in an isolated house called "Worlds," (probably an abbreviation of "World's End") not far from Braithwaite, in the parish of Keighley. He was the son of a small farmer, born A. D. 1777, and from an early age showed little predisposition to steady work. When thirty years of age he took to his bed and the room, which he never left till carried thence on the day of his funeral. The cause of this extraordinary conduct is believed to have been a matrimonial disappointment; his wedding day was fixed, accompanied by a friend he wended his way down to the parish church, and there patiently awaited the arrival of his bride elect; but she never came; her father having sternly and steadily refused his consent. Henceforth the young man consigned himself to a small room, nine feet square, with the determination of spending the remainder of his existence between the blankets—which resolution he kept most unflinchingly. At the time of Sharpe's death, the window of his room had never been opened for 38 years! In this dreary abode did this strange being immure himself. He constantly refused to speak to any one, and if spoken to, never answered even those who were his constant attendants. His father, by his will, made provision for the temporal wants of his eccentric son, and so secured him a constant attendant. During the whole period of this self-imposed confinement, he never had any serious illness, the only case of indisposition those about him can remember being a slight loss of appetite for two or three days, caused apparently by indigestion, and this notwithstanding he ate on the average as much as any farm laborer.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN HIS GIG.—It is now about a century since Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the Crown, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It was about eighty years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress, when a small folio, (now preserved in the department at Washington,) containing but three quires of paper, lasting as an account book for two years. These simple facts bring up before us, more forcibly than an elaborate description, the vast increase in post office facilities within a hundred years; for if a postmaster general were to undertake to pass over all the routes at present existing, it would require six years of incessant railroad travel, at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles daily—which, if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require a life time for its performance. Instead of a small folio with its three quires of paper, the post office account consumes every two years, 3,000 of the largest size ledgers, keeping no less than 100 clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with 30,000 contractors and other persons.

DR. KANE, in his journal, gives the following specimens of what may be done in acquiring the power of enduring cold:

"The mysterious compensation by which we adapt ourselves to the climate are more striking here than in the tropics. In the Polar zone the assault is immediate and sudden, and, unlike the insidious fatality of hot countries, produces its result rapidly. It requires hardly a single winter to tell who are to be heat-making and acclimatized men. Peterson, for instance, who has resided for two years at Upernivich, seldom enters a room with a fire. Another of our party, George Riley, with a vigorous constitution, established habits of free exposure, and active, cheerful temperament, has so inured himself to the cold that he sleeps on our sledge journeys without a blanket or any other covering than his walking suit, while the outside temperature is thirty degrees below zero."

THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Lift a bucket of water from the Mississippi river at New Orleans, and ask yourself the question, "From whence it came," and the answer may be: From the sandy deserts of New Mexico, from the pine hills of Carolina, from the rolling prairies of Nebraska, or from the cotton fields of Georgia; from the British possessions, north of the 49th degree of latitude, separated by a thin ridge of ice-covered rocks, from streams that flow into the Arctic ocean, or from bowers of orange and magnolia that perfume the cane-fields of Louisiana; from the frozen lakes that gem the bosom of Minnesota and Wisconsin, or from the sunny fountains that gush up from the flowery plains of Alabama and Tennessee; from the lake bound peninsula of Michigan; from the hill-sides of waving grain in Pennsylvania and New York; from the tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland.

It may be part of those mighty volumes that roll their never tiring waves through Iowa and Missouri, through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio; through Kentucky and Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas. It is a part of the ten thousand thousand little rills that come hymning their way from that mountain range wherein arise the Columbia and the Colorado of the West, or of those from whence the Delaware and Susquehanna hasten away to meet the rising sun. In the spurs of the Alleghany it has saluted the springs of the Roanoke and the Saluda, and far beyond the Black Hills it has locked arms with the mighty Saskatchewan, as he hurries on his cheerless journey to Hudson's Bay. The springs of the Conewango listen to the roar of Niagara, and the fountains of the Platte overlook the craters of the extinct volcanoes of Utah. It has fertilized a country greater than the empire of Alexander, and has carried a richer commerce than all the rivers tributary to Imperial Rome.

Louisville Journal.

REPROOF.—The following, taken from an exchange, we heartily commend to our readers. The golden maxims it contains, cannot be too strongly inculcated:

Whisper it softly, when nobody's near,
Let not those accents fall harsh on her ear;
She is a blossom, too tender and frail
For the keen blast—the pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently, 'twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches the stubborn may move—
Noble the conquest aided by love.

Whisper it kindly, 'twill pay thee to know,
Penitent tear-drops down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue wandered astray?
Guide her feet gently, rough is the way.

She has no parent, none of her kin;
Lead her from error, keep her from sin.
Does she lean on thee? cherish the trust;—
God to the merciful ever is just.

TIMES AS THEY WERE.—In the year 1784, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish the practice then prevailing, passed the following resolution, after considerable opposition:—"That hereafter no member shall come into the chamber barefooted, nor eat bread and cheese on the steps of the capitol."—So says an exchange.

A SCEPTICAL MAN one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing that he did not understand. Dr. Parr replied, "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

IT IS PRINCIPLE, and not manners, that makes the man. Principle is the main-spring; manners are only the figures on the dial.

A CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG.

A YOUNG HERO.—*An example worthy of imitation.*—Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars *whistling* in school. Whenever he called the boy up to account for such a disturbance, he would plead that it was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was." This became so frequent, that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender. The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud sharp whistle broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief-maker and a liar. He was called up, and with a somewhat stubborn look, he denied it again and again—commanded to hold out his hand. At this instant, a little slender fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear and firm tone of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him—I whistled. I was doing a long hard sum, and in rubbing out another, rubbed it out by mistake, and spoiled it all, and before I thought, I whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may ferule me, sir, as you said you should." And with all the firmness he could command, he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected.

"Charles," said he, looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity; "I would not strike *you a blow* for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle. You have been a hero, sir."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him in admiration, for the smallest scholar could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent man. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct.

Twilight Hours.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The following touching incident recently occurred in one of the Courts of France:

Lucille Rome, a pretty little girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a lively countenance, started from amidst the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid."

"O, how good you are James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About two years ago, sir," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to my-

self, I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed, while I slept on the floor. But it appears that she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I soon found a good place where I am lodged, fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir."

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

AN UNEXPECTED GIFT.—A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men, it was his office to instruct! While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's task.

The young student turned to the professor saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes and watch his perplexity when he cannot find them." "My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express. The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes, but feeling something hard, he stopped and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides; but could see no one.

He put the money into his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his surprise when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him—he saw the money was a present—and he fell upon his knees, looked up to Heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes. "Now," said the professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" "O, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget! I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

ADVICE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tatling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor.—Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the part of a hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere; and mountains will become mole-hills.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. *THE OLIVE BRANCH; OR, THE WHITE OAK FARM.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The genius of the present age is adequate to any task—even that of making a book possessing no small degree of attraction, out of the *darkest* and most unattractive materials. Here is a novel, a genuine work of fiction, with characters of every shade of color, discussing with the gravity of sages the merits and demerits of domestic slavery. The book, however, is not a rehash of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” The author has the merit of attempting a good purpose,—that of amicably discussing the subject, apart from all bitterness of feeling, and free from every thing that could in the remotest degree wound the feelings of the most sensitive. He tells us that he has written the volume in the hope that it may be acceptable to the citizens of both North and South, and “to them he offers it as an *Olive Branch*, in all good faith and Christian affection.”

The question of slavery is at all times exciting. Unfortunately we have our extremes, both North and South, on the subject. Hence it is seldom approached with that calmness and deliberation, that coolness and freedom from passion, which its importance demands. Indeed, so unaccustomed have persons been to listen to reason on this question, that even the highest judicial opinion in the country on the subject, is treated by a large portion of our citizens with no more respect than the wild ravings of a maniac. It is, therefore, with no small degree of pleasure that we find a book on this subject coming from a non-slaveholding State, breathing moderation and couched in language unoffensive to the ear of a Southerner. It bespeaks the return of a better feeling on the subject, and gives room to hope that reason may finally settle that vexed question.

There is much in the book before us that might be read with profit both by the friends and foes of slavery. A Judge Woodhull is taken as the representative of the South. The judge calmly discusses the question with his friend, Col. Laurance. He shows that no good has resulted from the extreme agitation of the subject; on the contrary, that it has been productive of evil, and has rendered the condition of the slave much worse than before such agitation was commenced. He laments the blindness and fanaticism of those, who believe or who feign to believe, that slavery is *per se* iniquitous and abominable, and, therefore, ought to be resisted as a moral evil. There is logic in some of the learned judge’s remarks well worthy of a place in a more serious work. He rises above the level of a fictitious speaker, and discusses the subject with all the gravity of a statesman. Listen to him and see how many truths he tells in the following extract:

“I believe that the safety of the South depends upon the prevalence of conservative views. We occupy at present an extent of territory large enough, in all conscience, for our political and social wants. Let us be content with it. What we gain in extension we lose in stability. Our policy points to consolidation. Congress has no power under the Constitution to legislate in relation to slavery in our acknowledged borders. It cannot therefore interfere with us without violence to the federal constitution; and the public sentiment of the whole Union is overwhelmingly in favor of preserving its principles intact. Whatever we may think or say respecting slavery in the abstract, it exists; and that not by our own choice. It is an entailed institution. We are told—‘get rid of it—set your slaves at liberty. This slavery is a blot upon our national escutcheon; we are ashamed of you and your quashy tribe both. Break your yoke and let the oppressed go free.’ We answer you: ‘You talk at random. Set our slaves free? We suppose we do: what then? We have near four millions of them, or shall have, if the ratio of increase continues in the same proportion until the next census. If these millions are set free, and all the restraints which are now barely sufficient to keep them under control be removed, then we do not want them in the South. But where are they to go? At the West the cry is: “We will not have them!” By the Constitution of Illinois, of 1848, the General Assembly was required at the first session, to pass such laws as would *effectually prohibit* free persons of color emigrating to or settling

in the State, and to *effectually* prevent the owners of slaves from bringing them into the State for the purpose of setting them free. Somewhat similar restrictions exist in Ohio. Georgia and Florida forbid free negroes to enter their limits: and, in short, the result of immediate emancipation would be the expulsion of the African race from most of the states of the confederacy, and the measure would involve an immense amount of cruel suffering. We must, therefore, for the present take things as they are, and try to make the best of them! If the thing were practicable in the present juncture, the South might be glad to be rid of slavery: it would be no disadvantage; but the thing is not practicable.”

2. THE DUBLIN REVIEW for April—No. LXXXIII. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson & Son. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This able Review, embodying at all times the soundest and most erudite critiques on the current literature of the day, presents in the present number a greater and more interesting variety than usual. It opens with an article of much ability, showing the importance of a more familiar acquaintance with the modern languages, and the many advantages to be derived from their study. The Reviewer answers the objections of those who argue that an acquaintance with foreign works may be acquired from translations, in the following words: “But then they must wait for the translations and trust to their fidelity, both of which are serious evils. Besides, all the beauty of the language and all its splendid literature are lost—these cannot be translated. The translator is often a mere drudge, incapable of appreciating the works which he translates, and at best he can only represent the body, he cannot animate his likeness with the spirit which gave life to the original.”

The remarks of the Review, as to the many advantages to be derived from a knowledge of the modern languages, especially of the German, French, and Spanish, apply with equal force on this side of the Atlantic. This country is the great forum on which the representatives of the various nations of Europe meet. They form at present no small portion of the body politic. We mingle with them in our daily pursuits; but we are debarred of many advantages in a business point of view, and of much pleasure in our social relation with them, by reason of our want of a knowledge of one or more of the modern languages. The increasing importation of foreign publications, is another reason why we should extend our acquaintance with the modern languages. A knowledge of the French and German, especially, would serve as the key to introduce us to a vast storehouse of science—a domain of literature, of which we have but little conception.

On account of the many advantages to be derived from this study, it is a subject of regret, that so few of our citizens have any knowledge of the languages of Europe, save the Anglo-Saxon tongue. It is not, we believe, that the study of the modern languages is neglected in our schools; their study forms a prominent part in the course pursued in many of our colleges and academies. But after all, how few there are of the young men and young ladies, who come from these institutions, that have made any proficiency in the acquisition of these languages. Few can translate, and fewer still can speak them. Is this owing to any defect in our educational system? Or must it be attributed to the incapacity of American youth. This we do not believe. Nevertheless, there seems to be a defect somewhere, which deserves the attention of those entrusted with the instruction of the rising generation.

The second article in the Review is an admirable comparison between the histories of Lingard and Macaulay. The object of the writer is to show, that the Revolution was caused by the anti-Catholic party, and originated in the same spirit, and aimed at the same ends as the Rebellion, which was a conspiracy of a like faction, and at once the retribution and result of royal tyranny. The contradictions and the discrepancies of the respective views entertained, and the parts taken first in the Rebellion, and next in the Revolution, are contrasted in the following words of the Review:

“The ‘Church of England as by law established,’ prescribes, for the ‘Feast of King Charles, the Martyr,’ a prayer, in which it is stated, that his life was taken away by ‘cruel and bloody men,’ that this was a ‘heavy judgment, which the sins of the nation

brought upon it,' 'and for which the country was delivered into the hands of cruel and unreasonable men.' And on the double anniversary of the pretended discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and of the landing of 'Our Deliverer from Popery,' the State Church requires its ministers to thank God 'for discovering and confounding the horrible and wicked enterprise plotted and intended to have been executed against the King and State of England, for the subversion of the government and religion established among us, and for wonderfully conducting King William to preserve us from the attempts of our enemies to bereave us of our religion and laws, and for the deliverance of our Church and nation from Popish tyranny and arbitrary power;' and furthermore, in the fulness of its devotion the State Church prays the Almighty to cut off all such workers of iniquity as 'turn religion into rebellion and faith into faction.' To appreciate the mingled blasphemy, absurdity and hypocrisy, of these specimens of the 'services' of a State Church, it is necessary to bear in mind, what we have shown in former articles, that tyranny was first established in this country by those monarchs who suppressed 'Popery;' and that the reaction from this tyranny was combined with the anti-Catholic prejudices they had inspired, and produced the bitter and sour spirit of Puritanism which first 'turned faith into faction and religion into rebellion.'"

Of William, "of pious and immortal memory," the writer says:

"Even Mackintosh, as good a whig as Macaulay, but not such a reckless and servile eulogist of the Revolution and its hero, believes that William had been implicated in the horrible massacre of the brothers De Witt; and that he was privy, or capable of being privy to a plot for murdering James. Any how, he for years machinated most treacherously and unscrupulously to rob his wife's father of his throne, and did so by the basest means and on the falsest pretences. 'The prince had already the reputation of being not only a phlegmatic but an unscrupulous politician. His policy was charged by some with tolerating, by others with sharing the practices which stimulated the populace of the Hague to massacre the patriot brothers De Witt, and give him undivided sway over the republic.' His agents in England got up the horrible Popish plot; and so soon as he landed he concocted another. He caused to be issued a proclamation setting forth that the Papists were in arms to destroy London by fire, and massacre the Protestants: called upon the magistrates to secure them, and declared that not only if they resisted, but even if found with arms in their houses, or were in office, they should be treated as robbers and refused quarter!"

The leading cause of the hostility to Catholicity in England the writer shows in the following words, and as a matter of history it is well worthy of being remembered:

"The new aristocracy were almost entirely founded upon the spoils of the Church. It would be difficult to fix upon any family of the aristocracy, still less on any of the leaders among them, whose estates had not been enriched, if not entirely derived, from Church lands. We have already drawn particular attention to this, in some of the most remarkable instances, as the houses of Russell, Seymour, Paget, Herbert, &c. These men were the prime movers of the Reformation, and they were the original movers of the Rebellion. Their motive, in the first case, was the acquisition of Church lands; in the second, the retention of those lands. This was the reason of their perpetual recourse to a 'no-Popery cry;' and let it be observed, that the lands of religious houses had been, to a great extent, divided and resold, and parcelled out among a large number of persons; so that (especially when the case of Ireland is borne in mind, with the wholesale confiscations which there took place), there were few landed proprietors in the country who had not a pecuniary interest in Protestantism, and hereditary reasons for hating Popery, or affecting to hate it."

The other articles of prominent interest in the present number of the Review, are Epidemic Disease in Ireland, Recent Antiquarian Discoveries in Italy, a paper on English and Irish Crime, and the State of the Catholic Affairs, all of which are well worthy the attention of the reader.

3. *THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS:* by *Catharine Emmerich*. Translated by a Sister of Mercy. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This interesting little work contains a series of meditations, if we may so call them, on the passion and death of our Divine Lord. The pious author is said to have been favored with visions in her meditations during the season of Lent, and to have been conducted in spirit through the different stages of our Lord's passion, and relates without art, what was revealed to her concerning these sacred events.

Whether these visions were the dictates of her pious imagination, or whether in the inscrutable designs of Providence she was really permitted to witness the suffering, agony and death of our Divine Redeemer, we will not pretend to say. Such things

have been accorded to some special servants of God, as the reward of their tender devotion to the Passion. The meditations, however, breathe a spirit of fervor and piety which goes to the heart of the reader, and leaves there impressions that must be productive of good. The short sketch of the life of Catharine Emmerich which the book contains is exceedingly interesting. We will take pleasure on some future occasion in laying it before our readers.

4. **MASS FOR FOUR VOICES, &c.** By *H. S. Colman*. Baltimore: H. M'Caffrey,—Murphy & Co.

We have examined this Mass and find it much to our taste, on account of its simplicity and melody, and the ease with which it may be learned by choirs of even humble pretensions. The music without being grand, is sweet and harmonious, and of a kind that is calculated to please. We understand it has already been produced with great satisfaction by one of the choirs of this city, and on no less an occasion than Easter Sunday. This speaks well for its merit. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable contribution to our stock of Catholic music.

5. **THE MEMORARE: A Collection of Catholic Music, &c.** By *Anthony Werner*. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Baltimore: H. M'Caffrey,—Murphy & Co.

This is the title of a new collection of Catholic Music, arranged by Prof. Werner, of Boston. The pieces are selected from the best composers, and combine the qualities of great brilliancy, power, beauty and harmony. The names of Witzka, Est, F. X. Schmidt, Cherubini, Palestrina, Stoeclin, and others equally celebrated, are enough to give assurance of the excellence of the music. Prof. Werner himself stands second to none in the country as an accomplished musician and choral director. There are six Masses, besides a mass of Requiem, and a large number of miscellaneous pieces, nearly all of which are arranged for four voices, yet in such a manner that some of them may be sung as duets or trios. Many of the very best of these compositions are, in all their magnificent harmony, so simple, that they may be easily learned by any choir, where the least musical knowledge or taste exists. The entire arrangement is excellent and exhibits the hand of a master. On the whole, a more noble or useful collection of Catholic music has not, to our knowledge, ever been published; while at the same time it is the cheapest work of the kind that has yet been issued from the American press. The fact that it is published with the sanction and special recommendation of the Right Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, is sufficient of itself to establish its claims to superior merit; since the distinguished prelate is known to possess an intimate acquaintance with "the art divine." We therefore heartily recommend it to clergymen and leaders of choirs throughout the country.

6. **THE CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.**—To our Australian friends we owe an apology for having so long inadvertently delayed a notice of their excellent periodical. The *Catholic Chronicle* is a monthly magazine, published at Melbourne, in the far distant land of Australia. Its appearance is a proof of the rapid progress of our holy faith in the great Southern empire, a monument of Catholic zeal and enterprise, and living evidence of the fact that wherever Catholicity gains a foothold, intellectual culture and the diffusion of knowledge go hand in hand with religion. The *Chronicle* is conducted with a spirit of enterprise and ability worthy of the cause in which it is engaged. It has the best wishes of the Catholics of the States for its permanency and success.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—From Charles Scribner, *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*, in two books; by Donald MacLeod. From D. Appleton & Co., *Illustrated School History of the United States*, and the adjacent parts of America, from the earliest discoveries to the present time; by G. P. Quackenbos, A. M.;—and *The Life of Charlotte Bronte*, in two volumes; by E. C. Gaskell. From G. P. Putnam & Co., *The Bay Path*, a tale of New England Colonial Life; by J. G. Holland. From Murphy & Co., *The Creator and the Creature; or, the Wonders of Divine Love*; by F. W. Faber, D. D.;—and *Gerald O'Reilly, or the Triumph of Principle*; and *Eva Beirne, or the Little Lace Maker*—the first volume of their Juvenile Series for Parochial and Sunday Schools, Premiums, &c.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The publications of the last month are few, and the announcements of new Catholic works still fewer. Some however we may notice, and among these Dr. Miley's work on the Temporal Power of the Popes claims the first rank. The able works which have already emanated from the pen of this distinguished scholar and divine attest his familiarity with Rome's history and his fitness for the task which he has undertaken.

Two contributions to the history of the Catholic Church in England also appear, announced as nearly ready. These are Canon Flanagan's compendious History of the Church in England, which will be a most useful and serviceable work, and Dr. Oliver's Collections as to the History of the Church in England.

The latter author is already well known for his work on the English, Scotch and Irish members of the Society of Jesus, a work of immense research, and a perfect biographical dictionary of the Jesuits in the British isles. Since the days of Bishop Challoner no one has put in a permanent form more that relates to the history of the Church in England for the period since the Reformation.

In France, Lecoivre has published an important work, "*La Théologie des Familles Chrétiennes ou cours suivi et complet d'enseignement religieux en forme de lectures par tous les jours de l'année*"—"Theology for Catholic families, or a complete and connected course of religious instruction in the form of readings for every day in the year." The author, M. l'abbé Tamisey, says truly: "Didactic works by the severity of their style attract few of the faithful who ordinarily seek rather nourishment for their piety than instruction for their mind, and who in this last respect rely too readily perhaps on the impression that they know all that they ought to know. If the books instruct, they do not always exhort enough; and on the other hand pious books exhort well indeed, but do not give sufficient instruction." The repulsive dryness of many of our excellent didactic works is well known, and the want here noticed in French is doubly felt in English.—Mgr. Dupanloup's works on Education, that absorbing question of the day, are still continued, and excite great attention.

Among the reprints of old ascetical works we find Douniol announcing "*Entretiens sur la vie cachée de Jesus-Christ dans l'Eucharistie par le père Charles Lalemant de la Compagnie de Jesus, premier Superieur de la mission du Canada*:" an edition due to Father Alphonse Cadres, who revises it and adds a sketch of the author. Charles Lalemant uncle of the great martyr was himself long a missionary in America, having been one of the founders of St. Saviour's mission on Mount Desert island in 1613, and also one of the first on the St. Lawrence. He was several times wrecked and often in danger, but at an advanced age returned to France. The pious outpouring of the early missionary on the coast of Maine may not unfairly be claimed as a part of American Catholic literature.

AMERICAN.—Our Catholic publishers have made no new announcements, although we learn that Cunningham has in press an American edition of Northcote's work on the Catacombs, which has elicited such general praise in England. An American edition of Maitland's Dark Ages is also promised, and will we hope be given.

Nor have any of the works lately announced by them appeared, except Dr. Faber's new work, which is noticed in the first article in this number,—so that this month we have little to chronicle. If not literary news, at least something new in the world of letters is the fact that a New York type founder is about to cut dies for a full font of Irish type, none of which are, we believe, to be found in this country. The history of Irish printing is curious. The Reformation excited Irish scholars, and they found on the continent freedom that England had denied them at home. The first works in Irish character were printed in the Low Countries at Louvain, Antwerp and Brussels. The Propaganda Press at Rome issued at least two works in Irish character, and Paris

claims at least one. Few works were printed in Ireland in the Irish character before the present century, and none, we believe, before 1735. Since 1800 a great number have appeared, and the active study of the Irish language is a most consoling feature, as it cannot but shed new light on the history of Catholic Ireland, the only European language still spoken that has a literature anterior to the tenth century. The extent of the Irish element in this country will naturally lead to the study of Irish as it does in many to the study of the Anglo Saxon; and more than one family and can show its manuscripts with pure Gaelic enough on the venerable pages to make a knowledge of the language a matter of pride.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK'S WORKS.—A late number of the *Catholic Chronicle*, a periodical which we have noticed elsewhere, thus speaks of the works of our Most Rev. Archbishop:

His treatises on Dogmatic and Moral Theology have placed him in the first class of modern Theologians, and his Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated," and his "Vindication of the Catholic Church," have earned him a high reputation among all ranks of the clergy and laity both in Europe and America. But the work, which at the present moment we wish to especially to bring under the notice of our readers, is a translation of "The Four Gospels" from the Latin Vulgate. Its objects are, first, to vindicate the Catholic Vulgate, and show its superiority to the Anglican version; and, secondly, by short notes to remove difficulties and facilitate the reading of the Gospels. Cardinal Wiseman, in his exquisite illustrations of Catholic Doctrine by the Parables of the New Testament, speaks of this work as a monument of learning, and, referring to the Vulgate, supports Archbishop Kenrick's proposition as follows:

"It is an undoubted fact that all modern judicious critics will give great weight, and even preference, to the Vulgate or Latin version beyond the ordinary Greek text, where the two differ. The reason is simple: on these occasions the oldest and best manuscripts, and the most ancient versions, almost invariably agree with the Vulgate, and their concurrent testimony establishes the fact that the Vulgate represents manuscripts more accurate than have been used to form the received Greek text. When we consider the scorn cast by the Reformers upon the Vulgate and their recurrence in consequence to the Greek as the only accurate standard, we cannot but rejoice at the silent triumph which truth has at length gained over clamorous error. For, in fact, the principal writers who have avenged the Vulgate and obtained for it its critical pre-eminence are Protestants. But though such a judgment has long been passed by the learned, the great bulk of readers, including men of education, no doubt fancy as yet that the Greek must always have the preference; and even Catholics may not be free from this opinion. Now Bishop Kenrick has taken the simplest mode of removing it. He shows in few words, that where the Anglican version agrees with the Greek, but differs from the Latin, the best modern Protestant critics give the preference to the latter."

His Eminence then goes on to "express a hope, that this work will lead to others in scriptural learning, and those not merely introductory but deep, earnest and solid. For we are fully convinced that the field belongs exclusively to Catholics, and that they alone can properly occupy it."

It is a subject of much gratification to find that the works of this distinguished Prelate are known and appreciated in almost every civilized part of the world. But recently we had occasion to mention the fact, that a second revised edition of his *Theologia Dogmatica* will soon be issued from the famous establishment of Mr. Dessain, in Malines, Belgium. What the *Chronicle* says of "The Four Gospels," might be repeated of the "Acts of the Apostles" and "The Psalms," the latest productions of his gifted pen.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—We learn by announcement that Mr. Thos. D'Arcy McGee has retired from the *American Celt*, and is about to establish in Montreal, Canada, a paper under the title of "The New Era." We hope that Mr. McGee may meet with that encouragement and support, which his industry and varied talents eminently entitle him. As a former contributor to the *Metropolitan*, he carries with him our best wishes and those of our readers, for his success in the new enterprise in which he is about to embark. The *Celt* passes into the hands of Sadlier & Co., New York, and will be hereafter published under the title of the *New York Tablet*.

EDITORS' TABLE.

LAFAYETTE.—Few names connected with the history of our country, deserve to be held in greater veneration than that of Lafayette. His ardent patriotism and disinterested love of liberty, endear his memory to the hearts of the American people, and will forever call forth their gratitude and respect.

The following lines to his memory, though somewhat irregular in their nature, will be read with pleasure:

LAFAYETTE!

Now honor to the gallant Frank, and green his memory be,
In every happy homestead of the land he came to free!
Throughout the wide Republic spread the glory of his name,
And let the mountains thunder back the echoes of his fame!
When gasping *Freedom* fled to seek a wild and unknown shore,
And dimmer, dimmer shone the star that led the Greeks of yore—
When flickering in the western sky it almost seemed to set—

Then blazed anew that sinking star,
As joyful tidings came afar,
That o'er the ocean's rolling wave,
The bold, the young would fly to save
The fortunes of the struggling brave—
And *Freedom* raised her drooping head,
As onward to the rescue sped

The valiant and the chivalrous—the noble Lafayette!

Then in the fray for glory's palm each eager patriot vied,
For Europe's picked and practis'd troops were battling by his side!
And onward with the stars and stripes the flying foeman's glance
Beheld amid the combat borne the snow-white folds of France!
And when the hosts of *Freedom* shrank before the iron hail,
And where the British bayonet pressed, a moment seem'd to quail—
When scarlet legions swept the field, one dauntless voice yet

Rang hoarsely o'er the bloody plain,
And summoned to the charge again
The champions of their country's right!
One iron arm was seen to smite
Amid the now renewed fight!
And Victory—the struggle past—
In loud huzzas proclaimed at last

The power of a voice—an arm, like that of Lafayette!

Years roll along—again he comes, but now no more in arms,
The mortal strife is long since ceased, and hushed its dread alarms!
The Briton's hostile tracks no more profane our surf-beat strand,
And Peace and Plenty reign supreme throughout the gladdened land!
Rejoice Columbia! gladly hail thy champion true and tried—
And let one long and lasting triumph greet the people's pride!
Still are his actions glory's theme, for never can the debt

That *Freedom* owes him, cancelled be,
Though ages hence, from sea to sea,

A Nation grateful homage pays,
 Recounting e'er in strains of praise,
 The struggles of the trying days
 When failure seemed our certain doom,
 But through the fast increasing gloom

We saw the generous son of France—the Catholic Lafayette!!! Iva.

DR. BROWNSON'S LECTURE.—The lecture of this distinguished gentleman in our city on May the 11th, was attended by a large and intelligent audience. Among those present, we observed our Most Rev. Archbishop and several of the clergy, together with other prominent citizens. The subject chosen by the distinguished lecturer was: "The Church as affected by the Concordats of Europe, and by the Constitution of the United States."

On the first part of the subject he touched but briefly, stating that to do it justice would require more time than the occasion would afford. He observed that previously to the time of Constantine, the Church had no legal position; but when Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire, the Church was protected by the laws of the State. It happened, however, in the course of time, that sovereigns, especially the emperors of Germany, revived the ancient Roman laws, concentrating the ownership of property in the ruler of state—and this law was extended to ecclesiastical property. Hence sovereigns, acting upon statutes for centuries dormant, attempted to exercise powers alike infringing the rights of the Church and detrimental to the interests of religion. To settle these subjects of dispute, agreements, called Concordats, were entered into between the Sovereign Pontiff and kings and emperors. A Concordat, as the lecturer explained, was not a treaty, but the settlement of a question by mutual concessions. The Church had always kept her faith with the state, but the latter had not always kept her faith with the Church, as has recently been the case with the Sardinian government. Concordats were not always the most desirable methods of settling difficulties between the Church and the state; yet they were often resorted to by the Church when nothing more advantageous could be obtained. In this country a different state of things prevailed. Here the Church and state are entirely separated, and have wholly distinct and unconnected interests and organizations. The fundamental principle of the Constitution of this country—the equality of the rights of every citizen—carries with it an equality in religion. The government leaves every citizen entire freedom of religion and freedom of conscience, and acknowledges its incompetency to legislate on spiritual subjects; and every man has a right to the protection of the government in the exercise of his religious duties, so long as they do not disturb the good order or well being of society. That the American doctrine on this subject was not that this right of conscience was a right derived by man from society, or from government, but that it was an inherent right belonging to every man alike, and existed prior to the establishment of government, or the formation of society. The power of the state in this country is limited by justice and the natural rights of man, and under this law of justice, the state recognises the right of conscience, but the state does not grant it. The state does not claim any right over the consciences of the citizens. The Constitution does not say that any particular religion shall be protected, but it places all upon the same equality. This principle warrants the legal freedom of the Catholic Church. Here the professor of religion can ask nothing of the state, neither is anything exacted, except obedience to the civil authority. The lecturer regarded it as a great mistake to call this a Protestant country. Such is not the fact. It is a Christian country; but no more Protestant than Catholic. The government recognised no particular Church, but extended the arm of its protection to all in the exercise of their religious rights. The mass of the people belonged to no particular church, and held the consoling doctrine that a man could go to heaven in one religion as well as in another, or in no religion at all.

In the United States, men are governed as free men, no matter what their capacity

may be, and the Church can only govern them, as she can reach their intellectual natures. Whether good or otherwise, this is the true condition of circumstances under which the Church in this country is placed. He would not be understood as saying that this was against the interests of the Church. On the contrary, here she has an opportunity of doing what she could not otherwise have done; and if she makes progress here by addressing herself altogether to the intellectual nature of man, it will be a most glorious work, far more so than if her edicts were enforced by the civil laws of the land. She must here teach men to love the Church and obey the laws because of their affection for her.

The conversion of the American people to the true fold, he did not regard as an easy task, nor to be accomplished in a day nor a year; nevertheless he regarded the task entirely within the range of the power of the Catholic Church. The work which the Church had before her in this country was a glorious one. God could readily compel obedience to his will, but such obedience was not acceptable to him, as he desired an offering of the will—an obedience from principle and love of right. He reminded his audience of a truth, that cannot be too strongly impressed upon Catholics, that if they would succeed in the great work of the conversion of their dissenting fellow-citizens, Catholic talent and Catholic intellect must lead the country. They must not be behind their neighbors, in the pursuits of literature, or in the acquisition of those treasures which adorn the mind. Catholics had done much, but much remained yet to be done. On the youth of the Catholic Church devolved the task of accomplishing the great work which had been already commenced. To them he appealed; to their piety, to their zeal and their energy would shortly be committed the further advancement of the Catholic Church in America.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—Although we have frequently spoken of these excellent periodicals, and urged their dissemination among the faithful, we feel we will not be trespassing upon the attention of the reader, if we again allude to the subject. Each succeeding number brings with it new subjects of interest, new evidences of the happy fruits of this noble institution, and new sources of consolation to those who have contributed towards the object for which it was established. Could Catholics but realize the glorious results that follow from the small pittance they contribute to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, nothing more would be required to stimulate their zeal and lead them to redouble their exertions a hundred fold, in a cause so worthy their attention. If a glass of water given to the poor man to quench his thirst is not suffered to go unrewarded, how great will be the reward of those who, by their contributions, aid in making known the name of the true God in Pagan lands, and in erecting the cross where infidelity had for ages reigned uncontrolled. "To you," in the beautiful language of the Pastoral of the Capitular Vicars of the Diocese of Aire, contained in the present number, "To you belong the great apostolic works that are being accomplished at the present day; you it is that make the sun of justice to shine over so many nations, hitherto seated in the shadow of death; you it is that baptize those multitudes, you who plant our glorious Cross upon the most inhospitable shores, you who civilize so many barbarians, you who cause the august Victim to be immolated on the most remote regions and islands of the earth, isolated and, as it were, buried in the depths of the ocean. These immortal works are yours; because those who perform them in the name of God and for His glory are but the spiritual warriors whom you arm by your prayers, and pay with your alms.

"Continue, pious and faithful souls! Amidst the evils which modern impiety has brought down upon our land, amidst the terrors raised in the breasts of all good Christians, by the contempt into which the name of God and His holy laws seem to have fallen amongst us, two great motives of confidence still remain to us: devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Work of the Propagation of the Faith. So long as we preserve these two anchors of safety, we may be tried by the justice of God, but never abandoned by His mercy."

RECORD OF EVENTS.

From April 20th to May 20th, 1857.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—The foreign papers contain interesting details of the celebration of Holy Week in Rome. On Palm Sunday, the Holy Father blessed the palms at the Basilica of St. Peter's, and distributed them to the Cardinals of the Sacred College, to the bishops, and others that assisted around the Pontifical throne. On Thursday, in Holy Week, the venerable Pontiff carried the Blessed Sacrament, after High Mass, to the sepulchre in the Pauline Chapel, and afterwards went to St. Peter's to perform the touching ceremony of the washing of feet. After the ceremony was over, the Holy Father served those whose feet he had washed, at dinner in the grand hall above the vestibule of St. Peter's. On Good Friday, Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the Sistine Chapel, by his eminence Cardinal Ferriti. The Holy Father proceeded barefooted, and his head uncovered, arrayed in a simple Alb to the veneration of the Cross. The churches were thronged with the faithful. Some attended the way of the Cross, others with tender devotion ascended on their knees the twenty-eight steps of the Scala Santa. This staircase from the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate, sanctified by the feet of Our Saviour, was brought from Jerusalem to Rome by St. Helen, and has ever since been the object of public veneration. Charlemagne ascended it on his knees. It is particularly on Good Friday that the pilgrims crowd towards the Scala Santa, each one ascending step by step, and bathing them with tears. At the top of the steps there is a large image of our Saviour reposing on a cushion, and, each pilgrim before rising from the kneeling position applies his lips to the wounds and the crown of thorns.

From Holy Thursday, and until the "Gloria in Excelsis" on Holy Saturday, in Rome, as in all Catholic countries, the church bells are silent, and the moment the "Gloria" is intoned, the three hundred belfries of Rome recover their voices, and send forth the most joyous notes of praise in honor of our divine Lord's triumph over sin and death, while the cannon of St. Angelo joined in the anthem, causing the "Seven Hills" to reverberate with the sound. The whole city awakens, as it were, from the sadness of the penitential season, and prepares for the joyous festival of Easter. The present season was closed with even more than ordinary solemnity, the Holy Father lending to it additional interest by his presence, his kindness, and condescension. After the Mass on Holy Saturday, notwithstanding the fatigue of the morning and preceding days, the Holy Father was kind enough to admit to audience about 400 different persons, clergy and laity, from all parts of the world. Each person was presented to his Holiness by Mgr. Pacca, the chamberlain, who entered into conversation with them, blessing the rosaries and medals presented to him. All wished to prostrate themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, which, however, he prevented, by presenting his hand for them to kiss, but some of the ladies more daring in their devotion threw themselves at the Holy Father's feet, regardless of his remonstrances, pressing their lips to the cross of gold worked on his slipper, and this pious violation of his wishes seemed visibly to affect those present, and soon the Holy Father was surrounded by the faithful prostrated before him for the purpose of kissing his sacred feet. On Easter Sunday High Mass was celebrated by the Holy Father himself at the high Altar of St. Peter's.

It is announced that the Pope will shortly leave Rome on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto. On the 16th of April, the Holy Father visited the Oratory of St. Alexander, or the *Via Nomentana*, which was discovered more than a year ago, after it had remained concealed for nearly ten centuries. "On its recovery," writes the corre-

spondent of the *London Standard*, "the altar was found in a state of very remarkable preservation, with the sepulchral slab which had formerly covered the remains of St. Alexander, sixth successor of St. Peter in the Papacy, who was buried here by an illustrious lady named Severina, together with St. Eventius and St. Theodulus, also martyrs. The site of this church and catacombs adjoining belonged to this lady Severina. The property of this portion of the Campagna is now administered by the College of the Propaganda, and a church is to be built here, including the precious remains of primitive ages which we have named. The foundation stone was laid by the Holy Father with all the appointed solemnities. A bronze box, enclosing a medal, was placed in the ground on the occasion. The medal was engraved with the effigy of the Holy Father on one side, and on the reverse the following inscription:—

TEMPLI EXTRUENDI
 P
 BEATISS. N^o MARTYRIB.
 ALEXANDRO PAPE
 EVENTIO ET THEODULO PRESB.
 PIUS IX. PONT. MAX.
 PRIMUM FUNDAM. LAPIDEM
 RITE POSUIT
 XVI. KAL. MAJAS, A. MDCCCLVII.
 VET. ORATORII RELIQ. NOVA EXED.
 COMPREHEN. UT LOCI ANTIQUISS. RELIGIO
 STARET.

After the completion of the ceremonies, the Holy Father, sitting in the ancient marble episcopal chair, delivered an address especially to the students of the Propaganda who were present, reminding them that they were being educated for the missionary life, to spread that same faith for which the Holy Pontiff S. Alexander and the other martyrs had shed their blood. He then pronounced the Pontifical Benediction."

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, have issued a circular to all the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and Vicars Apostolic of the Catholic world, inviting subscriptions towards the fund for the purpose of erecting a church over the tomb of St. Alexander, pope. The Holy Father, as characteristic of the zeal with which he takes part in every good work, has subscribed to the fund the sum of 3,000 Roman crowns.

It is a fact not generally known, that several of the charitable confraternities of Rome apply their funds towards furnishing marriage portions to a number of young girls of the working classes. The most prominent of these confraternities, is that of the Blessed Annunciation, which is governed by a committee of ecclesiastics, nobles, and the middle class of Rome. Its President is His Eminence the Vicar-General. This Society distributed on the festival day of the Annunciation, a sum of 21,915 Roman crowns, among 695 girls, some of whom had not yet decided on their state of life. The report states that of the above number, 25 of the portions were granted to young persons who wished to devote themselves to the religious life, thus facilitating their entry into some religious house; and 519 were given as marriage portions. Ignorance and malice would have people believe that persons are compelled, against their will, to enter convents. The above figures will, however, prove that marriage is held in high honor in Rome.

An important measure has been adopted relative to the religious orders of men. A circular from the congregation of Bishops and Regulars, has been issued and sent to all the Generals of Orders, and Superiors of Communities, requesting that henceforth they should only receive the simple vows of young men who have gone through the novitiate, and to require from those who intend to proceed to the solemn vows of profession, a further probation of three years. The object of the Congregation is to give a further guarantee and solidity to those who have a monastic vocation.

SPAIN.—Late advices from Spain indicate that the country is threatened with insurrection; some slight disturbance had taken place. According to the Concordat recently

concluded with the Holy See, there will be several vacant sees to be filled. Nothing, however, it is thought will be done, until after the arrival of the Ambassador from Rome. The church of Spain has recently sustained a severe loss in the death of the venerable Mgr. Gil, Bishop of Lugo.—A grand religious festival took place towards the end of April, on the occasion of the solemn translation of the mortal remains of the great Cardinal Ximenes, to Alcala de Henarès. After the identification of the coffin by the chapters of the two churches, the office of the dead was celebrated; after this, the translation took place.

The war with Mexico is still talked of, though nothing decisive has taken place.

FRANCE.—An affair of some importance has taken place which has brought the government in conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities. The Bishop of Monliers is said to have introduced several ecclesiastical regulations, among which he required from the clergymen appointed in his diocese, a previous written pledge that they would not bring ecclesiastical matters into secular courts, and would not pretend to rights, said to have been conferred by certain laws enacted during, or shortly after the Revolution. The Bishop found it necessary to suspend one of the priests of his diocese. He resisted—and instead of appealing as he might have done to the archbishop, he sought redress in the civil courts. The case was brought before the Conseil d'Etat, which gave judgment against the bishop, not to the effect that the priest was innocent or undeserving of the censures pronounced by his bishop, but that the bishop was estopped from condemning him, by the organic laws, and was guilty of an *abus de pouvoir*, in disregarding them.

The following brief statement will serve to show the grounds upon which the government pretends to claim the right to exercise jurisdiction in the matter:

"When the concordat, or settlement of their powers as regards ecclesiastical matters, was agreed to between Napoleon, the First Consul, and Pope Pius VII, in 1801, it was necessary, in order that that convention might become the law of the land, that it should pass through the existing Corps Legislatif, and be promulgated with the assent of that body. Before however, it was introduced to that assembly, there were added to it without consulting the Pope, what are called the Organic Articles, consisting of a long series of administrative enactments, professing to be essential for putting the concordat into execution, and therefore, laid before the Legislature and passed by it into a law, just as if they had formed part and parcel of the agreement with the Pope, and been sanctioned by him as much as the concordat itself. Great was the distress and astonishment of the poor Pope when he learnt what had been done and found how he had been deceived by the First Consul, whose will was already the sole law both of Church and State. There were many things in these articles which could not fail to be highly repulsive to the Pope. By them, it was forbidden to print or publish in the kingdom, not only any bull of the Pope, but any decree of any national Synod or Council of the Bishops of France, until the government had examined, approved of, and allowed it. By them, also, (article 6) was attributed to the *Conseil d'Etat* this very jurisdiction of *appel comme d'abus*, or appeal to the secular power against the abuse of ecclesiastical authority, which has been put in force in the case of the Bishop of Monliers, and against which enactment the statute of the Chapter of Monliers, mentioned in the decree, and excommunicating *ipso facto* any ecclesiastic who should invoke the protection of the civil authorities, is particularly levelled. The same articles also guarantee a *Cure* or Rector, in the possession of his parish, and allow the Bishop only the power of suspending him in his ecclesiastical functions."

The subject, however, has been referred to the Sovereign Pontiff, in whose decision, it is said, the government will acquiesce.

The ceremony of the installation of His Eminence, Cardinal Morlot, as Archbishop of Paris, took place near the close of April, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The Cardinal having received the Pallium, proceeded to the Cathedral, where he was received by the Metropolitan Chapter and conducted to the altar. After the ceremonial prescribed by the ritual, the theologian exhibiting the papal bulls, proclaimed: "The Most Eminent and the Most Rev. Francois Madeleine Morlot, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of *Ss. Nicius and Achilles*, to be in possession of the Archbishopric of Paris." The ceremony was finally concluded by the *Te Deum*. The new Archbishop on the occasion of his installation, addressed a pastoral letter to

the clergy and faithful of his diocese. After alluding to the horrible crime which had deprived them of their late prelate, he pronounces a long eulogium on the many virtues of the deceased, and expresses a firm resolution to follow in his steps. After expressing regret at leaving his former residence, he reminds the clergy that, in order to accomplish the onerous duties which now devolve upon him, he should require their zealous co-operation, without which his own efforts would be paralysed. He concludes by impressing on the faithful the necessity of a strict attendance on their religious duties. The Archbishop has appointed as his private secretary the Abbe Cuttoli, who is an Honorary Canon of Paris, and was secretary to the late Archbishop.—It is rumored that the papal Bull for the creation of Grand Almoner of the Empire, has been asked for and issued, and that Prince Lucien Bonaparte, known now as the Abbe de Canino, but shortly to be raised to the dignity of Cardinal, will be appointed first to the new office, which is to embrace in itself those of Almoner of the Court, the fleet, and the army.—The Church of Rueil, which contains the tombs of the Empress Josephine and of Queen Hortense, and which has been enlarged and repaired, was lately reopened.

ENGLAND.—The result of the late election and the meeting of the new Parliament, form the chief topics of comment in the English press. Of the composition of the new Parliament, it is difficult to form an opinion; that it is not held in very high estimation by a portion of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, may be inferred from the following extract from the *London Times*:

"An extraordinary panic has seized the crowd of gentlemen who were members of the last Parliament, but are not of the new one. They are in consternation at the mediocrity of their successors and the period of legislative inefficiency with which England is threatened. They have been beaten, not by bad men, but, what is worse, by men of straw—the merest lay figures of faction; and, though they can easily reconcile themselves to their own defeat, they are concerned for the country that suffers this plague of nobodies. Hardly a man of them can make a good speech or has any politics. The panic is extraordinary, not so much for those who feel it or for those about whom it is felt, but for the matter of it. This inefficiency, now so much apprehended, was the chief characteristic of the last Parliament, and the very boast of all the three sections routed at the election."

The new Parliament met on the 7th of May, and Evelyn Denison was elected, without opposition, Speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Elgin has been appointed on a mission to China. He is invested with very extraordinary powers, if we are to credit some of the foreign journals:

"He is to have the superior direction of all affairs in that part of the world, and for that purpose he is to receive full powers from the English government, with whom alone he is to be in correspondence. He is to decide on the opportuneness of all war-like operations, and to fix the time for commencing them. In case the authorities of the country should think fit to send propositions of arrangement, he is to endeavor to obtain the following concessions:

1. The old treaties are to be renewed and extended to eight ports of China, in place of five; and, in addition, English trading vessels are to have the right of putting in, from stress of weather or for repairs, to every point on the coast.
2. England is to have, like Russia, a college at Peking. The head of that establishment, which is to be composed of five members at least, is to be charged with all official relations with the Chinese government.

And 3d, the English are to have military posts in all the towns in which they have consuls or agents. A piece of ground shall be conceded to them at Shanghai, and another at Canton, on which to raise forts and form military establishments, the strength of which will be fixed by common accord. Independently of these principal conditions, other secondary points are left to the judgment of the English Commissioner."

On the 14th of April, Queen Victoria was safely delivered of a princess, her ninth child.—The Catholic Bishops have been in London to attend the Annual Episcopal meeting, held, as usual, at the residence of the Cardinal Archbishop. A *soiree* was given by the Cardinal at his residence, which was attended by the prelates and a large number of the Catholic nobility and clergy.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.—The illustrious Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, has again been dragged into a court of law to answer to the suit of a certain Abbe Roux. The action was brought by Abbe Roux, a French Priest, to recover damages laid at £1000, for breach of contract. The facts of the case are briefly these, as given in the foreign papers: The Princess Letitia Bonaparte, the sister of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and first cousin to the present Emperor Napoleon, having married Mr. Wise, afterwards the Right Hon. Thomas Wise, our Minister at the Court of Athens, and having subsequently been separated from her husband on account of her dissipation, took up her residence in France, and was allowed £200 a year by her husband. Here she became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the plaintiff visited her, and advanced money for her to pay creditors, to rescue her from a maison de sante, and to redeem furniture and goods. The plaintiff alleged that she had signed the acknowledgment of debt of 25,000 francs, and this he had placed in the hands of Cardinal Wiseman, who, he alleges, had undertaken to endeavor to obtain payment from Mr. Wise, but had not done so, and now the paper was not forthcoming. The Cardinal, in his testimony stated, that the document in question was shown to him by the Abbe, but that the paper was not left with him; that if it ever was in his possession, it had merely passed through his hands with some documents which were handed over to Mr. Wise by him at the request of the Abbe. He had promised the Abbe to use his exertions to procure a settlement of the claim, and even to write to the Emperor of France on the subject, but this he afterwards declined, for reasons which he would give if necessary. The solicitor of the Hon. Thos. Wise proved that he had seen the document at the residence of Mr. Wise, but that the latter refused to recognise it. The evidence of Princess Letitia Bonaparte (Madame Wise), taken on interrogatories in Italy, was next read to the court. She stated that the plaintiff had offered his friendly offices in her affairs, and had paid numerous sums of money on her affairs; but she declared that he had been repaid by sales of her jewelry and from other sources, and that he received one-quarter of a year's allowance from her husband (Mr. Wise), which left him actually in her debt to the amount of 250 fr. She admitted signing the acknowledgment of her debt to him of 25,000 fr., but this she did on the representation by the plaintiff that the Archbishop of Paris had requested him to discontinue his visits to her, and that he wished to have the document to show that his visits were visits of business. He promised, after showing the papers to the Archbishop of Paris (who, it will be remembered, was assassinated only a few months ago), to return them to her. Accordingly, on the day after he had received the paper of acknowledgment as to the 25,000 fr., he again came to her, told her he had shown it to the Archbishop, and as there was no further use for it, he threw what appeared to be the very document into the fire. Notwithstanding all this evidence, the jury gave a verdict against the Cardinal for £500 damages.

IRELAND.—Since the excitement caused by the late election, political matters have been quiet. The result of the election is said to have been favorable to the Catholic cause, a larger number of Catholic and liberal members being returned from Ireland than occupied seats in the previous Parliament. The efforts making in the cause of science and religion, are worthy of the olden fame of Ireland.—The "Introductory" lecture in the medical department of the Catholic University, was lately delivered by Dr. McSweeney, professor of medical jurisprudence. On the same day, Dr. W. Sullivan, professor of chemistry, delivered the initiatory lecture of the course on the science of practical chemistry.—The first stone of a new church was lately laid, at Doohamlet, in the parish of Clontibret, by the Most Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher. The foundation also of another large church, under the patronage of St. Balthen, at St. Johnsten, was lately laid by the Right Rev. Bishop McGettingan, assisted by a large number of clergy and a great concourse of people. A large bottle was placed in the foundation stone, containing a scroll of parchment, with all the necessary details, in mediæval characters, illuminated with gold and colors, and signed by several witnesses present; besides a large

number of the coins of Queen Victoria and the United States, including among the latter a one dollar gold piece, with a copy of the *Derry Journal*, &c.—The Right Rev. Dr. McElvily, the lately consecrated Bishop of Galway, had an enthusiastic reception on the occasion of his entry into Galway to take charge of his diocese. He was met by a large cortege of the principal inhabitants, and various associations with music and banners, and escorted to his new residence. The prelate delivered an eloquent address on the occasion, thanked the clergy and the people for their manifestation of kindness, and concluded by imparting to them the papal benediction.

AUSTRIA.—Austria has not as yet resumed diplomatic relations with Sardinia, and from present appearances, it is not likely that such will shortly be the case. The Sardinian ensign has been taken down in Vienna, and its chancellerie is transferred to the French Embassy, while the Prussian Legation takes charge of the interests of the Austrian subjects resident at Turin.—A convention has been concluded between the Holy See and Austria for the extradition of criminals.—The Emperor has lately granted an amnesty to all the Hungarian political prisoners and refugees, with the single exception of Kossuth.—His Eminence Cardinal Scitovsky, Primate of Hungary, has lately added to the already large sums which he has given for the support of the Sisters of Charity, the large donation of 10,000 florins; besides this, his Eminence, within a very short space of time, has devoted the sums of 28,000 florins towards founding salaries for priests, 10,000 florins to the nuns of Funfkirchen, 500 florins to the church of Nemes-Drosos, 7,000 florins for repairing the churches and chapter-houses of the diaconal district of Miava, and 2,000 florins for building a chapel in the cemetery at Pesth.—In the Greek Catholic diocese of Grosswardein, in Hungary, there have been in the year (1855, 1856) numerous conversions from the non-united Greek Church to the Catholic Church; for example, in the town of Szemlak 2,012 persons have been reconciled with the Universal Church; at Dragscsseke, there have been 574 persons reconciled, and 165 in other localities; besides which, six Protestants have been converted, and three Jews have been baptized.—The inhabitants of Ventez and Ksidombrovizia, who at the time of the Revolution fell off into apostacy, have been brought back into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

PRUSSIA.—The German papers announce the death of M. Otto de Dusseldorf, a distinguished member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. He was eminent as an orator, and was the zealous defender of the Catholic cause in Prussia. "M. Otto," writes a correspondent of an English paper, "had ascended the rostrum and commenced his discourse, but soon the cries of 'speak up,' 'louder, louder,' rung through the Chamber from the opposite seats. M. Otto made an effort to raise his voice, but his strength suddenly failed, he pressed his hand on his head, as if to compress some sudden and violent pain, and to the reiterated cries of 'louder, louder,' he replied in a faltering voice, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, it is impossible, I cannot go on.' The words were scarcely uttered when he sank insensible to the floor. Some of the Deputies bore him immediately into an adjoining room. Several physicians, who were present, rendered every assistance that art or science could suggest. M. Thissen, cure of Cologne, assisted by other ecclesiastics, administered the last Sacraments of the Church to the honorable member, and in a few minutes afterwards he breathed his last. M. Otto died on the field of honor, a rare occurrence in the annals of Parliament, at the moment when he was in the act of defending the interests of seven millions of Catholics."

RUSSIA.—The Russian government has entered into diplomatic relations with Venezuela. This is the first instance of Russia having entered into diplomatic relations with any of the South American Republics.—Advices from Circassia state that the Circassians had again beaten the Russians on the banks of the Laiba. The Russians were driven back over the river with a loss of 400 men, four pieces of cannon, and their baggage. The Russians are seeking to take possession of the Chutta.—It is stated in a report to the Russian government, presented by the government of Siberia, that

since the attack on Canton by the British the trade between Russia and China by land has been considerably increased, and an opinion is expressed that so long as the war continues the commercial relations between the two countries will become every day more intimate.—An Imperial ukase has been published permitting the Jews to acquire landed property in Russia, but this privilege is confined to certain parts of the empire.—Since the peace the steam fleet at Cronstadt has been increased to nine frigates, twelve corvettes, and one hundred gunboats.—The cholera has for some time prevailed at St. Petersburg.—A letter from St. Petersburg in *Le Nord* of Brussels, says the operation of raising the vessels sunk in the port of Sebastopol has commenced. There are upwards of eighty of them sunk, and sixteen have already been recovered, namely, the Chersonese, a steamer of 260 horse power; four transports, one brig, two schooners, two tenders, and six small craft. The four transports are already afloat, and are engaged in conveying provisions and equipments. The Chersonese is undergoing repairs at Nicolaëff, and will be launched again in the spring. Beside these vessels, the government have six sailing transports and some steamers of from sixty to one hundred horse power, and has but lately bought five screw-steamers, which are to cruise along the eastern coast in the Black Sea.—The prospectus of the company for constructing the great Russian railways has been published in Paris, and it is stated that the issue of the shares was to commence on the 28th ult. The first amount offered for subscription is 300,000,000*f*. (£12,000,000.) represented by 600,000 shares of 500*f*. each, equal to 125 silver roubles, or £20 sterling. The deposit to be paid is 150*f*. or £6 per share.

CHINA.—It has been rumored that the Emperor of China had disapproved of the proceedings on the part of the Governor of Canton, and had given orders to conciliate the English. If this be so, an end of the hostilities is near at hand.—A letter from China, lately published in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, gives the following interesting particulars:

“The recent success of the insurgents in the province of Kiang-nan, and their advance to within a few leagues of Tan-yan, obliged the fugitive Imperialists of Nan-King, who had taken refuge here on the occupation of their native city by the rebels, to desert their new homes, and fly still further southward. There were many Christians amongst these fugitives, and no less than two hundred women and men threw themselves at once on the charity of the Catholic missionaries at U-si (Vu-si.) The resources of the poor priests are very scanty, but their heroic charity did not fail them; they shared their homes with their suffering brethren, and contrived to send them on to Scian-Hia, (Shanghai,) where there is a large number of resident Catholics. At Scian-Hia the traffickers in women importuned the missionaries to sell to them the female Christians, and unable to comprehend the motive which prevented them from ridding themselves of such a burden, would not believe but that they were holding out for higher offers—one of them was so audacious in his importunities that they were obliged to have recourse to the authorities to be rid of him. On their application, the Mandarin governing the city issued a decree, extolling the charity of the Catholic missionaries to the fugitives, and forbidding any one, of whatever rank, to offer them any annoyance or molestation whatsoever. It may be observed that all these places may be found on the map to be on the eastern bank of the Grand Canal.”

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* hints at the probability of a convention being concluded between the French and English governments, with the view of acting together in China.—The *Moniteur de la Flotte* refers to some savage orders by the court of Peking to the Mandarin governors of the maritime province of China. At Whampoa so much alarm had been created that the few Europeans who were in that city thought it best to go on board the foreign vessels.

SWITZERLAND.—In Geneva superstition is at present in a form so profane and ridiculous as almost to exceed belief. Under the name of “Bortism,” a Protestant minister by the name of Bort, has recently founded a religion of “Speaking Tables.” A crowd of devotees have attached themselves to this new doctrine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—The Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Elder, Bishop of Natchez, took place in the Cathedral of our city, on Sunday, the 3d of May. The grand and imposing ceremony was witnessed by a vast assembly of the faithful, besides a large number of our dissenting fellow-citizens, who were present on the occasion. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated as consecrating prelate, assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. L'Homme, V. G. as assistant priest; the Very Rev. Mr. Coskery and the Rev. Mr. Foley, as deacons of honor; the Rev. Mr. McNally, officiating deacon; and the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, sub-deacon. The assistant chaplains were the Rev. Dr. Corcoran, of Charleston, the Rev. H. McMurdie, of Mount St. Mary's College, and the Rev. Mr. Dubreul. The assistant prelates were the Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, attended by his chaplains, the Rev. Ed. McColgan and the Rev. F. Guistiniani; and the Right Rev. Dr. Wood, with his chaplains, the Rev. Mr. Obermyer and the Rev. Mr. Parsons. The Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, was also present on the occasion. The sermon was preached by the Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mount St. Mary's College, who took for his text the following words from the Acts of the Apostles: "Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops, to rule the Church of God, which He has purchased with His blood." One of the most interesting incidents of the occasion, was the presence of the venerable parents of the newly consecrated bishop. Though having passed the ordinary span of human life, they have been spared to witness a happiness enjoyed by few parents, that of seeing a son raised to the dignity of a bishop in the Church of God. May they still have many days to enjoy this happiness—the reward of a long life of virtue and good works. Pontifical vespers were given by Bishop Elder.

Ordination.—On the 30th of April the Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, with the consent of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, gave tonsure and minor orders in the church of St. Peter and Paul, Cumberland, in this State, to twenty-six members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer; and on the 1st of May, the same Right Rev. Prelate promoted to sub-deaconship, Wm. Wayrich, Joseph Wirt, John Carroll, Michael Rosenbaum, Joachim Heymann, Wm. Wingerter and Peter Zimmer, members of the same congregation, who, on the day following, were promoted to deaconship.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, the 17th of May, in St. John's church in this city, to 133 persons, among whom several were converts; and on the day following, in the chapel of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., the Right Rev. Bishop Elder confirmed thirteen of the pupils of the Academy.

A New Church for Washington City.—We are much gratified to learn that the long cherished hope of the Catholics of the District, of seeing a Church in Washington worthy of the metropolis of the country, is again revived, with a reasonable prospect of it being accomplished. The project is one in which the Catholics of the country should feel a deep interest; and we trust that it will meet their cordial approbation and generous support.

2. **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.**—**Confirmation.**—On Sunday, the 17th of May, the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 91 persons in the cathedral chapel; and on the same day the Right Rev. Bishop Wood administered the same sacred rite at the church of St. Charles Borromeo, Kelleyville. On Tuesday, 12th of May, a sister was received into the Order of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, in the city of Philadelphia. The Right Rev. Bishop Wood officiated on the occasion. The consecration of St. Philip's church, Philadelphia, is to take place on the 21st of June.

3. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—**Consecration of the Right Rev. Drs. Wood and Juncker.**—The solemn ceremony of the consecration of the Right Rev. James Frederick Wood, as Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, and the Right Rev. Henry Damian

Juncker, as Bishop of Alton, Illinois, took place in the Cathedral of Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 26th of May. The following prelates were present and took part in the solemn services: Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia; Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Louisville; Right Rev. Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee; Right Rev. Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit; Right Rev. Bishop Miles, of Nashville; Right Rev. Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; Right Rev. Bishop De St. Pallaix, of Vincennes; Right Rev. Bishop Carroll, of Covington; Right Rev. Bishop Whelan, of Wheeling; Right Rev. Bishop Young, of Erie; and a large number of the Rev. clergy of the diocese of Cincinnati and the neighboring provinces. The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell was the consecrating prelate. The Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, and the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, were the assistant consecrators of Bishop Wood; and the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee, and the Right Rev. Bishop Young, of Erie, were the assistant consecrators of Bishop Juncker. At a quarter before 10 o'clock, the procession, consisting of the Bishops and the Rev. clergy and attendants, in full pontificals and vestments, moved from the archiepiscopal residence to the Cathedral. "The route of the procession," says the *Catholic Telegraph*, "was lined on either side by the members of the St. Peter's Benevolent Society, whose presence, while it added to the splendor, contributed greatly to the perfect order of the ceremony outside the church. According to the directions of the pontifical the bulls were read by the respective chaplains, the customary oath, and profession of faith repeated by the bishops elect, kneeling before the consecrator, and the prescribed ceremonies of imposition of hands, anointing, giving the ring and pastoral staff and mitre, the solemn procession through the church of the newly consecrated prelates, with their assistants, the chanting of the Litanies, Psalms, &c., diligently and decorously observed." The consecration sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Edward Purcell. In the evening, solemn vespers were chanted by the Right Rev. Dr. Wood, and the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding preached on the dignity and duties of the Episcopal office. Before the departure of the Right Rev. Bishop Wood from St. Patrick's, of which he had been long the devoted pastor, the parishioners presented him with a magnificent gold cross, a chain and ring, as a testimonial of their love and affection. The German Catholics also presented the Right Rev. Dr. Juncker, the newly consecrated Bishop of Alton, with a magnificent missal, chalice, pyx, and holy oil stocks.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell administered the sacrament of Confirmation at the cathedral on Sunday, May 3d, to 176 persons, mostly children from the schools of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and the Right Rev. Bishop Young, of Erie, confirmed 89 persons at St. Joseph's church, 18 at St. Michael's, and 290 at St. John's church, Cincinnati. On the same day, the Right Rev. Dr. Juncker, Bishop of Alton, confirmed 71 persons at St. Paul's church, and 23 at the church of St. Francis de Sales.

4. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—Intelligence has been received from the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, as late as the 19th of April. He was then at Malta, and enjoying excellent health. The trip on the Mediterranean after leaving Rome, had entirely dissipated all symptoms of the disease. He was then about to leave, in company with several clergymen, for Alexandria, and thence to Palestine.

Coadjutor of Pittsburg.—It is announced that the Rev. John B. Byrne, pastor of St. Matthew's church, Washington city, has been appointed by the Holy Father as coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburg. Dr. Byrne, we believe, is a native of Philadelphia. He was educated at the "Old Mountain," the venerable *alma mater* of so many of our distinguished prelates, and graduated there in 1839. He entered upon the profession of the law, but after a few years of successful practice, he threw aside Coke and Blackstone and entered the seminary at the Mountain to commence the study of theology. After his ordination, he remained at the Mountain and discharged for a time the duties of professor, and afterwards entered on the duties of the mission.

Religious Reception.—On March 25th, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Latrobe, Miss Mary Phelan received the white veil from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Phelan, taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Rosalie. At the convent chapel, Pittsburg, April 14th, Sisters Patrice and Aloysius made their solemn professions; and on the 27th of April, Miss M. Tomlinson and Miss Maria Donahoe received the white veil at the convent, Latrobe; the former taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Sylvesterius, and the latter that of Sister Mary Melania.

5. ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.—**Ordination.**—On Wednesday, the 29th of April, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes in St. Patrick's cathedral conferred minor orders and sub-deaconship on Richard Brennan, Charles Slevir, Peter Murphy, Thomas Treanor and Mr. Byrne; and on the 1st of May, the same gentlemen were raised to the order of deacons, and on the following Sunday they were ordained priests.

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